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M'FINGAL: AN EPIC POEM.

By JOHN TRUMBULL.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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INTRODUCTION.

THE scenes and incidents of the old war for independence, known as the American Revolution, furnished themes for contemplation and comment for every variety of minds, and evolved many brilliant sparks of genius which might otherwise have remained latent in the flint of common thought. While the powers of highest statesmanship and military skill were demanded in the management of great public interests, there appeared much in the details of current events to excite mirth and provoke the keenest weapons of wit and satire to wonderful activity. Prudence generally commended anonymity to those who used the Press for the exercise of these weapons, at a time when there was an enemy in every bush. But such active men as

Paine, Hopkinson, Freneau, Trumbull, and others of less note, could not long wear the disguise so as effectually to conceal themselves, and they became objects of admiration for the Patriots, and of hatred for the Loyalists.

Of all the literary productions of that day, having for its theme the character and doings of the men and times of the Revolution, the remarkable epic entitled M'FINGAL is confessedly most deserving of immortality. It holds an honorable place among works of highest poetic merit; and as a satire, applied with scathing power to those who opposed the war, and were active in their loyalty to the king, it exhibits force rarely equalled, and never surpassed by its predecessors in that peculiar field. That force can be appreciated now, when almost three generations of men have passed away since the actors in the drama were upon the stage, only by a thorough knowledge of the point of each allusion, drawn from the character of the times, and familiarity with the social and political position of the victims of the keen Damascene blade of the satirist.

The late Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, who was a compatriot, a brother poet,

and a friend of the author, writing in long-after years, said: "It may be observed, without any partiality, that M'Fingal is not inferior in wit and humor to Hudibras; and in every other respect is superior. It has a regular plan, in which all the parts are well proportioned and connected. The subject is fairly proposed, and the story conducted through a series of advancements and retardations to a catastrophe, which is natural and complete. The versification is far better, the poetry is in several instances in a good degree elegant, and in some even sublime. It is also free from those endless digressions, which, notwithstanding the wit discovered in them, are so tedious in Hudibras; the protuberances of which are a much larger mass than the body on which they grow."

"The Hudibrastic body," says the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, "is thoroughly interpenetrated by its American spirit. The illustrations, where there were the greatest temptations to plagiarism, are drawn from the writer's own biblical and classical reading, and the colloquial familiarities of the times. For the manners of the poem, there is no record of the period which supplies so vivid a presenta-

tion of the old Revolutionary Whig habits of thinking and acting. We are among the actors of the day—the town committees, the yeomanry, the politicians and soldiers, participating in the rough humors of the times; for nothing is more characteristic of the struggle than a certain vein of pleasantry and hearty animal spirits which entered into it. Hardships were endured with fortitude, for which there was occasion enough, but the contest was carried on with wit as with other weapons."

The purpose of the poem was explained by the author himself, in a letter to the Marquis de Chastellux, written in 1785. "It had been undertaken," he said, "at the instigation of some of the leading members of the first Congress, who urged him to compose a satirical poem on the events of the campaign in the year 1775;" and that he "had aimed at expressing, in a poetical manner, a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the character and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history could probably record or display; and where as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagancies of his countrymen, as well as

of their enemies. I determined," he says, "to describe every subject in the manner it struck my own imagination, and without confining myself to a perpetual effort at wit, drollery and humor, indulge every variety of manner, as my subject varied, and insert all the ridicule, satire, sense, sprightliness and elevation, of which I was master." How well this design was executed, the intelligent reader will discover.

The first and second cantos of M'Fingal were published as one, in a thin pamphlet of forty pages, by William and Thomas Bradford, of Philadelphia. It was issued in the Autumn of 1775, as *Canto I., or the Town-Meeting.* In the course of the next year it was reprinted in London, where it passed through several editions, and was very popular with the anti-ministerial party in Great Britain and America. For a long time it was believed to be the production of some English scholar, and made a very favorable impression everywhere, on account of its literary merits. As a political satire it was regarded as inimitable, and was praised by men of all parties. But when it was known that the author was a native of New England, the London press and loyal writers in

America, poured obloquy and contempt upon him in full measure.

When the first part of M'Fingal was published, the author had sketched a plan for its extension, but he did not take it up again until the close of the war, when his friends urged him to complete it. He did so, by dividing the first half into two cantos, and adding two more. The whole work was printed and published by Hudson and Godwin at Hartford in Connecticut, before the close of 1782. Of that edition the one now offered to the public is a faithful transcript.

In the explanatory notes appended to the Poem in the present edition, the reader will find that full information which is necessary to a proper appreciation of the force of the satire.

John Trumbull, the author of M'FINGAL, was the child of a congregational minister. He was an only son, delicate in physical constitution, and a favorite of his accomplished mother. He was an exceedingly precocious child, and at the age of seven years was considered qualified to enter Yale College, as a student. There he was graduated, in 1767, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and remained a student three

years longer. He turned his attention chiefly to polite literature, as well as the Greek and Latin classics, and became a most accomplished scholar. He and Timothy Dwight became intimate friends, and the bond of mutual attachment was severed only by death. They were co-essayists, in 1769; and, in 1771, they were both appointed tutors in the college. The following year young Trumbull published the first part of a poem entitled *The Progress of Dulness.* He selected the law as his profession, and devoted much of his leisure time to its study. He was admitted to the bar in 1773, but immediately afterward went to Boston, and placed himself under the instructions of John Adams. While in Boston he wrote an *Elegy on the Times*, a poem in sixty-eight stanzas, which celebrated the Boston Port Bill, the non-importation associations, and the present strength and future glory of the country. He commenced the practice of law at Hartford, in 1781, and soon became distinguished for legal acumen and forensic eloquence. As we have observed, his *M'Fingal* was completed, and published at Hartford in 1782. As authors were then unprotected by copyright laws, there

were more than thirty different pirated impressions printed, and circulated by "newsmongers, hawkers, peddlers, and petty chapmen."

Mr. Trumbull was soon afterward associated with Humphreys, Barlow, and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, in the production of a work which they styled *The Anarchiad.* It contained bold satire, and exerted considerable influence on the popular taste.

In 1789, Mr. Trumbull was appointed State Attorney for the county of Hartford; and, in 1792, he represented that district in the Connecticut legislature. His health failed; and, in 1795, he resigned his office, and declined all public business. Toward the close of 1798, a severe illness formed the crisis of his nervous excitement, and after that his health was much better. He was again elected to a seat in the State legislature in May, 1800, and the following year he was appointed a judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut. From that time he abandoned party politics, as inconsistent with judicial duties. In 1808, he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, in which office he remained several years. In the year 1805, Woodruff and Periam printed an

edition of M'Fingal at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, by permission of the author. In 1820, he revised his works, and they were published in Hartford, in handsome style, by Samuel G. Goodrich, from whom the author received the handsome compensation of one thousand dollars.

Judge Trumbull and his wife went to Detroit in 1825, and made their abode with their daughter, Mrs. Woodbridge, where he died of gradual decay, on the 10th of May, 1831, at the age of eighty-one years.

M'FINGAL:

A MODERN

EPIC POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum
Auditoris: et eſt quædam tamen hic quoque virtus;
Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures.
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris, atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto. Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.
Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 10.

HARTFORD:

Printed by HUDSON and GOODWIN, near the Great Bridge, 1782.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO FIRST,

OR

THE TOWN-MEETING, A. M.

WHEN Yankies[1], ſkill'd in martial rule,
Firſt put the Britiſh troops to ſchool;
Inſtructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yanky-reels,
And manual exerciſe of heels;
Made them give up, like ſaints complete,
The arm of fleſh and truſt the feet,
And work, like Chriſtians undiſſembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling[2];
Taught Percy faſhionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-chaces:

From

From Boſton, in his beſt array,
Great 'Squire M'Fingal[4] took his way,
And graced with enſigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high deſcent our heralds trace
To Oſſian's famed Fingalian race:
For tho' their name ſome part may lack,
Old Fingal ſpelt it with a Mac;
Which great M'Pherſon, with ſubmiſſion
We hope will add, the next edition[5].

His fathers flouriſh'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted iſlands;
Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and the Second-ſight[6].
Of theſe the firſt, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the nobleſt palms of praiſe,
'Gainſt Kings ſtood forth and many a crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded;
Till roſe a King with potent charm
His foes by goodneſs to diſarm,

Whom

Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite[7]
Straight fell in love with, at firſt ſight;
Whoſe gracious ſpeech, with aid of penſions,
Huſh'd down all murmurs of diſſenſions,
And with the ſound of potent metal,
Brought all their bluſt'ring swarms to ſettle[8];
Who rain'd his miniſterial mannas,
Till loud Sedition ſung hoſannahs;
The good Lords-Biſhops and the Kirk
United in the public work[9];
Rebellion from the Northern regions,
With Bute and Mansfield ſwore allegiance[10];
And all combin'd to raze as nuiſance,
Of church and ſtate, the conſtitutions;
Pull down the empire, on whoſe ruins
They meant to edify their new ones;
Enſlave th' American wilderneſſes,
And tear the provinces in pieces[11]:
For theſe our 'Squire among the valiant'ſt,
Employ'd his time and tools and talents;
And in their cauſe with manly zeal
Uſed his firſt virtue, to rebel;

And

And found this new rebellion pleaſing
As his old king-deſtroying treaſon.

Nor leſs avail'd his optic ſleight,
And Scottiſh gift of ſecond-ſight.
No antient ſybil fam'd in rhyme
Saw deeper in the womb of time[12];
No block in old Dodona's[13] grove,
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only ſaw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all Prophets far outwent he,
Tho' former days produc'd a plenty;
For any man with half an eye,
What ſtands before him may eſpy;
But optics ſharp it needs I ween,
To ſee what is not to be ſeen.
As in the days of antient fame
Prophets and poets were the ſame,
And all the praiſe that poets gain
Is but for what th' invent and feign:
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by ſeeing
Such things as never would have being.

Whence

Whence he for oracles was grown
The very tripod[14] of his town.
Gazettes no ſooner roſe a lye in,
But ſtraight he fell to propheſying;
Made dreadful ſlaughter in his courſe,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horſe;
Brought armies o'er by ſudden preſſings
Of Hanoverians, Swiſs and Heſſians[15];
Feaſted with blood his Scottiſh clan,
And hang'd all rebels, to a man;
Divided their eſtates and pelf,
And took a goodly ſhare himſelf[16].
All this with ſpirit energetic,
He did by ſecond-ſight prophetic.

Thus ſtor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making ſpeeches,
Where ſtrength of brain united centers
With ſtrength of lungs ſurpaſſing Stentor's[17].
But as ſome muſquets ſo contrive it,
As oft to miſs the mark they drive at,
And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over:

So

So far'd our 'Squire, whoſe reas'ning toil
Would often on himſelf recoil,
And ſo much injur'd more his ſide,
The ſtronger arg'ments he applied:
As old war-elephants diſmay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own ſide more in battle
Than leſs and ordinary cattle.[18]
Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's ſleeve,
And as he motion'd, all by rote
Rais'd ſympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our Hero's ſcene of action,
Had long been torn by feuds of faction,
And as each party's ſtrength prevails,
It turn'd up diff'rent, heads or tails;
With conſtant rattling in a trice
Show'd various ſides as oft as dice:
As that fam'd weaver, wife t' Ulyſſes,
By night each day's work pick'd in pieces,
An tho' ſhe ſtoutly did beſtir her,
Its finiſhing was ne'er the nearer[19]:

So did this town with ſtedfaſt zeal
Weave cob-webs for the public weal,
Which when compleated, or before,
A ſecond vote in pieces tore.
They met, made ſpeeches full long winded,
Reſolv'd, proteſted, and reſcinded;
Addreſſes ſigned, then choſe Committees,
To ſtop all drinking of Bohea-teas;
With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
And turn'd all Whig-Committees out[20].
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory[21] faction led,
Still following, as the 'Squire ſhould please,
Succeſſive on, like files of geeſe.

And now the town was ſummon'd greeting,
To grand parading of town-meeting;
A ſhow, that ſtrangers might appall,
As Rome's grave ſenate did the Gaul[22].
High o'er the rout, on pulpit ſtairs[23],
Like den of thieves in houſe of pray'rs,
(That houſe, which loth a rule to break,
Serv'd heav'n but one day in the week,

Open

Open the reſt for all ſupplies
Of news and politics and lies)
Stood forth the conſtable, and bore
His ſtaff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore[24],
Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's ſouls to ſleep.
Above and near th' hermetic ſtaff,
The moderator's upper half,
In grandeur o'er the cuſhion bow'd,
Like Sol half-ſeen behind a cloud.[25]
Beneath ſtood voters of all colours,
Whigs, tories, orators and bawlers,
With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
Prepar'd, like minute-men[26], for action;
Where truth and falſehood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight;
With equal uproar, ſcarcely rave,
Oppoſing winds in Æolus' cave[27];
Such dialogues with earneſt face,
Held never Balaam with his aſs[28].

With daring zeal and courage bleſt
Honorius[29] firſt the crowd addreſs'd;

When

When now our 'Squire returning late,
Arrived to aid the grand debate,
With ſtrange four faces ſat him down,
While thus the orator went on.

"— For ages bleſt, thus Britain roſe
The terror of encircling foes;
Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain;
Her conq'ring ſtandard aw'd the main:
The diff'rent palms her triumphs grace,
Of arms in war, of arts in peace:
Unharraſſ'd by maternal care,
Each riſing province flouriſh'd fair;
Whoſe various wealth with lib'ral hand,
By far o'er-paid the parent-land[30].
But tho' ſo bright her ſun might ſhine,
'Twas quickly haſting to decline,
With feeble rays, too weak t' aſſuage,
The damps, that chill the eve of age.

For ſtates, like men, are doom'd as well
Th' infirmities of age to feel[31];

And

And from their diff'rent forms of empire
Are ſeiz'd with ev'ry deep diſtemper.
Some ſtates high fevers have made head in,
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding;
While others have grown dull and dozy,
Or fix'd in helpleſs idiocy;
Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour;
Or vex't with hypocondriac fits,
Have broke their ſtrength and loſt their wits.

Thus now while hoary years prevail,
Good Mother Britain ſeem'd to fail;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight
Of age and debts and cares of ſtate:
For debts ſhe ow'd, and thoſe ſo large,
As twice her wealth could not diſcharge,
And now 'twas thought, ſo high they'd grown,
She'd break and come upon the town[32];
Her arms, of nations once the dread,
She ſcarce could lift above her head;
Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
The final trump perhaps might ope,

So

So long they'd been in ſtupid mood,
Shut to the hearing of all good;
Grim Death had put her in his ſcroll,
Down on the execution-roll;
And Gallic crows, as ſhe grew weaker,
Began to whet their beaks to pick her[33]
And now her pow'rs decaying faſt,
Her grand Climacſt'ric had ſhe paſt,
And, juſt like all old women elſe,
Fell in the vapours much by ſpells.
Strange whimſies on her fancy ſtruck,
And gave her brain a diſmal ſhock;
Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends;
She quite forgot her neareſt friends,
Loſt all her former ſenſe and knowledge,
And ſitted faſt for Beth'lem college[34];
Of all the pow'rs ſhe once retain'd,
Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
As Eve when falling was ſo modeſt
To fancy ſhe ſhould grow a goddeſs[35];
As madmen, ſtraw who long have ſlept on,
Will ſtile them, Jupiter or Neptune:

So

So Britain 'midſt her airs ſo flighty,
Now took a whim to be Almighty;
Urg'd on to deſp'rate heights of frenzy,
Affirm'd her own Omnipotency[36];
Would rather ruin all her race,
Than 'bate Supremacy an ace;
Aſſumed all rights divine, as grown
The churches head[37], like good Pope Joan[38];
Swore all the world ſhould bow and ſkip
To her almighty Goodyſhip;
Anath'matiz'd each unbeliever,
And vow'd to live and rule forever.
Her ſervants humour'd every whim,
And own'd at once her pow'r ſupreme,
Her follies pleas'd in all their ſtages,
For ſake of legacies and wages;
In Stephen's Chapel[39] then in ſtate too
Set up her golden calf to pray to,
Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,
And call'd for worſhip at its ſhrine,
And for poor Heretics to burn us,
Bade North[40] prepare his fiery furnace;

Struck

Struck bargains with the Romiſh churches
Infallibility to purchaſe;
Set wide for Popery the door,
Made friends with Babel's ſcarlet whore[41],
Join'd both the matrons firm in clan;
No ſiſters made a better ſpan.
No wonder then, ere this was over,
That ſhe ſhould make her children ſuffer.
She firſt, without pretence of reaſon,
Claim'd right whate'er we had to ſeize on;
And with determin'd reſolution,
To put her claims in execution,
Sent fire and ſword, and called it, Lenity,
Starv'd us, and chriſten'd it, Humanity[42].
For ſhe, her caſe grown deſperater,
Miſtook the plaineſt things in nature;
Had loſt all uſe of eyes or wits;
Took ſlav'ry for the bill of rights[43];
Trembled at Whigs and deem'd them foes,
And ſtopp'd at loyalty her noſe;
Stiled her own children, brats and caitiffs,
And knew us not from th' Indian natives.

What

What tho' with ſupplicating pray'r
We begg'd our lives and goods ſhe'd ſpare[44];
Not vainer vows, with fillier call,
Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal[45];
A worſhipp'd ſtock of god, or goddeſs,
Had better heard and underſtood us.
So once Egyptians at the Nile
Ador'd their guardian Crocodile,
Who heard them firſt with kindeſt ear,
And ate them to reward their pray'r[46];
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious ſpeeches too[47].

Thus ſpite of pray'rs her ſchemes purſuing,
She ſtill went on to work our ruin;
Annull'd our charters of releaſes[48],
And tore our title-deeds in pieces;
Then ſign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to ſtretch our necks on:
And on theſe errands ſent in rage,
Her bailiff, and her hangman, Gage[49],
And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,
Diſpatch'd her Poſſe Comitatus[50].

No

No ſtate e'er choſe a fitter perſon,
To carry ſuch a ſilly farce on.
As Heathen gods in antient days
Received at ſecond-hand their praiſe,
Stood imag'd forth in ſtones and ſtocks,
And deified in barber's blocks;
So Gage was choſe to repreſent
Th' omnipotence of Parliament.
And as old heroes gain'd, by ſhifts,
From gods, as poets tell, their gifts;
Our Gen'ral, as his actions ſhow,
Gain'd like aſſiſtance from below,
By Satan graced with full ſupplies,
From all his magazine of lies.
Yet could his practice ne'er impart
The wit to tell a lie with art.
Thoſe lies alone are formidable,
Where artful truth is mixt with fable;
But Gage has bungled oft ſo vilely,
No ſoul would credit lies ſo ſilly,
Outwent all faith and ſtretch'd beyond
Credulity's extremeſt end.

Whence

Whence plain it ſeems tho' Satan once
O'erlook'd with ſcorn each brainleſs dunce,
And blund'ring brutes in Eden ſhunning,
Choſe out the ſerpent for his cunning[51];
Of late he is not half ſo nice,
Nor picks aſſiſtants, 'cauſe they're wiſe.
For had he ſtood upon perfection,
His preſent friends had loſt th' election,
And far'd as hard in this proceeding,
As owls and aſſes did in Eden.

Yet fools are often dang'rous enemies,
As meaneſt reptiles are moſt venomous;
Nor e'er could Gage by craft and proweſs
Have done a whit more miſchief to us:
Since he began th' unnatural war,
The work his maſters ſent him for.

And are there in this freeborn land
Among ourſelves a venal band,
A daſtard race, who long have ſold
Their ſouls and conſciences for gold;

Who

Who wiſh to ſtab their country's vitals,
If they might heir ſurviving titles;
With joy behold our miſchiefs brewing,
Inſult and triumph in our ruin?
Prieſts who, if Satan ſhould ſit down,
To make a Bible of his own,
Would gladly for the ſake of mitres,
Turn his inſpir'd and ſacred writers;
Lawyers, who ſhould he wiſh to prove
His title t' his old ſeat above,
Would, if his cauſe he'd give 'em fees in,
Bring writs of Entry ſur diſſeiſin[82],
Plead for him boldly at the ſeſſion,
And hope to put him in poſſeſſion;
Merchants who, for his kindly aid,
Would make him partners in their trade,
Hang out their ſigns in goodly ſhow,
Inſcrib'd with 'Beelzebub and Co.'
And Judges, who would liſt his pages,
For proper liveries and wages;
And who as humbly cringe and bow
To all his mortal ſervants now?

There

There are; and ſhame with pointing geſtures,
Marks out th' Addreſſers and Proteſters[83];
Whom, following down the ſtream of fate,
Contempts ineffable await,
And public infamy forlorn,
Dread hate and everlaſting ſcorn."

As thus he ſpake, our 'Squire M'Fingal
Gave to his partizans a ſignal.
Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
When Moſes wav'd his potent wand,
Nor with more uproar, than the Tories
Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus;
Laugh'd, hiſs'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd and jeer'd;
Honorius now could ſcarce be heard.
Our Muſe amid th' increaſing roar,
Could not diſtinguiſh one word more:
Tho' ſhe ſat by, in firm record
To take in ſhorthand ev'ry word;
As antient Muses wont, to whom
Old Bards for depoſitions come;
Who muſt have writ 'em; for how elſe
Could they each ſpeech verbatim tell 's?

And

And tho' ſome readers of romances
Are apt to ſtrain their tortur'd fancies,
And doubt, when lovers all alone
Their ſad ſoliloquies do groan,
Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,
And nought but rocks and groves to hear 'em,
What ſpright infernal could have tattled,
And told the authors all they prattled;
Whence ſome weak minds have made objection,
That what they ſcribbled muſt be fiction:
'Tis falſe; for while the lovers ſpoke,
The Muſe was by, with table-book,
And leaſt ſome blunder might enſue,
Echo ſtood clerk and kept the cue.
And tho' the ſpeech ben't worth a groat,
As uſual, 'tisn't the author's fault,
But error merely of the prater,
Who ſhould have talk'd to th' purpoſe better:
Which full excuſe, my critic-brothers,
May help me out, as well as others;
And 'tis deſign'd, tho' here it lurk,
To ſerve as preface to this work.

So let it be—for now our 'Squire
No longer could contain his ire;
And riſing 'midſt applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.

Quoth he, "'Tis wondrous what ſtrange ſtuff
Your Whig's-heads are compounded of;
Which force of logic cannot pierce,
Nor ſyllogiſtic carte & tierce,
Nor weight of ſcripture or of reaſon
Suffice to make the leaſt impreſſion.
Not heeding what ye raiſ'd conteſt on,
Ye prate, and beg or ſteal the queſtion;
And when your boaſted arguings fail,
Strait leave all reaſ'ning off, to rail.
Have not our High-Church Clergy[51] made it
Appear from ſcriptures which ye credit,
That right divine from heav'n was lent
To kings, that is the Parliament,
Their ſubjects to oppreſs and teaze,
And ſerve the Devil when they pleaſe?
Did they not write and pray and preach,
And torture all the parts of ſpeech,

About

About Rebellion make a pother,
From one end of the land to th' other?
And yet gain'd fewer prof'lyte Whigs,
Than old St. Anth'ny 'mongſt the pigs;
And chang'd not half ſo many vicious
As Auſtin, when he preach'd to fiſhes;
Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
Were edified and wagg'd their tails[55]:
But ſcarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
That e'er one Whig was edified.
Have ye not heard from Parſon Walter[56]
Much dire preſage of many a halter?
What warnings had ye of your duty
From our old Rev'rend Sam. Auchmuty[57]?
From Prieſts of all degrees and metres,
T' our fag-end man poor Parſon Peters[53]?
Have not our Cooper[59] and our Seabury[60]
Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah[61];
Prov'd all intrigues to ſet you free
Rebellion 'gainſt the pow'rs that be;
Brought over many a ſcripture text
That uſed to wink at rebel ſects,

Coax'd

Coax'd wayward ones to favour regents,
Or paraphraſ'd them to obedience;
Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n thoſe confeſt
Horns of th' Apocalyptic beaſt[62],
And ſprouting from its noddles ſeven,
Ordain'd, as biſhops are, by heav'n;
(For reaſons ſim'lar, as we're told
That Tophet was ordain'd of old)
By this lay-ordination valid
Becomes all ſanctified and hallow'd,
Takes patent out when heav'n has ſign'd it,
And ſtarts up ſtrait, the Lord's anointed!
Like extreme unction that can cleanſe
Each penitent from deadly ſins,
Make them run glib, when oil'd by Prieſt,
The heav'nly road, like wheels new greaſ'd,
Serve them, like ſhoeball[63], for defences
'Gainſt wear and tear of conſciences:
So king's anointment cleans betimes,
Like fuller's earth[64], all ſpots of crimes,
For future knav'ries gives commiſſions,
Like Papiſts ſinning under licence[65].

For

For heav'n ordain'd the origin,
Divines declare, of pain and ſin;
Prove ſuch great good they both have done us,
Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us:
For without pain and ſin and folly
Man ne'er were bleſt, or wiſe, or holy;
And we ſhould thank the Lord, 'tis ſo,
As authors grave wrote long ago.
Now heav'n its iſſues never brings
Without the means, and theſe are kings;
And he, who blames when they announce ills,
Would counteract th' eternal counſels.
As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,
By conſtant grumblings fell from grace,
Heav'n taught them firſt to know their diſtance,
By famine, ſlav'ry and Philiſtines;
When theſe could no repentance bring,
In wrath it ſent them laſt a king[68]:
So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty
Of modern kings for plagues are ſent you;
Nor can your cavillers pretend,
But that they anſwer well their end.

'Tis

'Tis yours to yield to their command,
As rods in Providence's hand;
And if it means to ſend you pain,
You turn your noſes up in vain;
Your only way's in peace to bear it,
And make neceſſity a merit.
Hence ſure perdition muſt await
The man, who riſes 'gainſt the ſtate,
Who meets at once the damning ſentence,
Without one loophole for repentance;
E'en tho' he 'gain the royal ſee,
And rank among the pow'rs that be[67]:
For hell is theirs, the ſcripture ſhows,
Whoe'er the pow'rs that be oppoſe,
And all thoſe pow'rs (I am clear that 'tis ſo)
Are damn'd for ever, ex officio.

Thus far our Clergy; but 'tis true,
We lack'd not earthly reaſ'ners too.
Had I the Poet's brazen lungs[68]
As ſound-board to his hundred tongues,
I could not half the ſcriblers muſter
That ſwarm'd round Rivington[69] in cluſter;

Aſſemblies,

Aſſemblies, Councilmen, forſooth;
Bruſh[70], Cooper[71], Wilkins[72], Chandler[73], Booth[71].
Yet all their arguments and ſap'ence,
You did not value at three halfpence.
Did not our Maſſachuſettenſis[75]
For your conviction ſtrain his ſenſes?
Scrawl ev'ry moment he could ſpare,
From cards and barbers and the fair;
Show, clear as ſun in noonday heavens,
You did not feel a ſingle grievance;
Demonſtrate all your oppoſition
Sprung from the eggs of foul ſedition;
Swear he had ſeen the neſt ſhe laid in,
And knew how long ſhe had been ſitting;
Could tell exact what ſtrength of heat is
Requir'd to hatch her out Committees[76];
What ſhapes they take, and how much longer's
The ſpace before they grow t' a Congreſs?
New whitewaſh'd Hutchinſon[77] and varniſh'd,
Our Gage, who'd got a little tarniſh'd,
Made 'em new maſks, in time no doubt,
For Hutchinſon's was quite worn out;

And

And while he muddled all his head
You did not heed a word he ſaid.
Did not our grave Judge Sewall[78] hit
The ſummit of news-paper wit?
Fill'd ev'ry leaf of ev'ry paper
Of Mills and Hicks[79] and mother Draper[80];
Drew proclamations, works of toil,
In true ſublime of ſcarecrow ſtyle;
Wrote farces too, 'gainſt Sons of Freedom[81],
All for your good, and none would read 'em;
Denounc'd damnation on their frenzy,
Who died in Whig-impenitency;
Affirm'd that heav'n would lend us aid,
As all our Tory-writers ſaid,
And calculated ſo its kindneſs,
He told the moment when it join'd us."

"'Twas then belike, Honorius cried,
When you the public faſt defied[82],
Refuſ'd to heav'n to raiſe a prayer,
Becauſe you'd no connections there;
And ſince with rev'rent hearts and faces
To Governors you'd make addreſſes,

In

In them, who made you Tories, ſeeing
You lived and mov'd and had your being;
Your humble vows you would not breathe
To pow'rs you'd no acquaintance with."

"As for your faſts, replied our 'Squire,
What circumſtance could faſts require;
We kept them not, but 'twas no crime;
We held them merely loſs of time.
For what advantage firm and laſting,
Pray did you ever get by faſting?
And what the gains that can ariſe
From vows and off'rings to the ſkies?
Will heav'n reward with poſts and fees,
Or ſend us Tea, as Conſignees[83],
Give penſions, ſal'ries, places, bribes,
Or chuſe us judges, clerks, or ſcribes?
Has it commiſſions in its gift,
Or caſh, to ſerve us at a lift?
Are acts of parliament there made,
To carry on the placeman's trade?
Or has it paſs'd a ſingle bill
To let us plunder whom we will?

And look our liſt of placemen all over;
Did heav'n appoint our chief judge, Oliver[84],
Fill that high bench with ignoramus,
Or has it councils by mandamus[85]?
Who made that wit of water-gruel[86],
A Judge of Admiralty, Sewall?
And were they not mere earthly ſtruggles,
That raiſ'd up Murray[87], ſay, and Ruggles[88]?
Did heav'n ſend down, our pains to med'cine,
That old ſimplicity of Edſon[89],
Or by election pick out from us,
That Marſhfield blund'rer Nat. Ray Thomas[90];
Or had it any hand in ſerving
A Loring[91], Pepp'rell[92], Browne[93], or Erving[94]?

Yet we've ſome ſaints, the very thing,
We'll pit againſt the beſt you'll bring
For can the ſtrongeſt fancy paint
Than Hutchinſon a greater ſaint?
Was there a parſon uſed to pray
At times more reg'lar twice a day;
As folks exact have dinners got,
Whether they've appetites or not?

Was

Was there a zealot more alarming
'Gainſt public vice to hold forth ſermon,
Or fix'd at church, whoſe inward motion
Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion?
What Puritan[95] could ever pray
In Godlier tone, than treaſ'rer Gray[96],
Or at town-meetings ſpeechify'ng,
Could utter more melodious whine,
And ſhut his eyes and vent his moan,
Like owl afflicted in the ſun?
Who once ſent home his canting rival,
Lord Dartmouth's[97] ſelf, might outbedrivel."

"Have you forgot, Honorius cried,
How your prime ſaint the truth defied,
Affirm'd he never wrote a line
Your charter'd rights to undermine;
When his own letters then were by,
That prov'd his meſſage all a lie[98]?
How many promiſes he ſeal'd,
To get th' oppreſſive acts repeal'd,
Yet once arriv'd on England's ſhore,
Set on the Premier to paſs more[99]?

But

But these are no defects, we grant,
In a right loyal Tory ſaint,
Whoſe godlike virtues muſt with eaſe
Atone ſuch venal crimes as theſe:
Or ye perhaps in ſcripture ſpy
A new commandment, 'Thou ſhalt lie;'
And if 't be ſo (as who can tell?)
There's no one ſure ye keep ſo well."

"Quoth he, For lies and promiſe-breaking
Ye need not be in ſuch a taking;
For lying is, we know and teach,
The higheſt privilege of ſpeech;
The universal Magna Charta,
To which all human race is party,
Whence children firſt, as David ſays,
Lay claim to 't in their earlieſt days;
The only ſtratagem in war,
Our Gen'rals have occaſion for;
The only freedom of the preſs
Our politicians need in peace:
And 'tis a ſhame you wiſh t' abridge us
Of theſe our darling privileges.

Thank

Thank heav'n, your ſhot have miſs'd their aim,
For lying is no ſin, or ſhame.

As men laſt wills may change again,
Tho' drawn in name of God, amen;
Beſure they muſt have much the more,
O'er promiſes as great a pow'r,
Which made in haſte, with ſmall inſpection,
So much the more will need correction;
And when they've careleſs ſpoke, or penn'd em,
Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em;
Reviſe their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd,
Turn out a promiſe, that was baſe,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boſton people go;
Yet when he ſaw 'gainſt troops that brav'd him,
They were the only guards that ſav'd him[100],
Kept off that Satan of a Putnam,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him[101];
He'd too much wit ſuch leagues t' obſerve,
And ſhut them in again to ſtarve.

So

So Moſes writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for uſe,
Their parents then might ſet them free
From that conſcientious tyranny[102]:
And ſhall men feel that ſpir'tual bondage
Forever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change?
I think the tale were very ſtrange.
Shall vows but bind the ſtout and ſtrong,
And let go women weak and young,
As nets encloſe the larger crew,
And let the ſmaller fry creep thro'?
Beſides, the Whigs have all been ſet on,
The Tories to affright and threaten,
Till Gage amidſt his trembling fits
Has hardly kept him in his wits;
And tho' he ſpeak with art and fineſſe,
'Tis ſaid beneath dureſs per minas.
For we're in peril of our ſouls
From feathers, tar and lib'rty-poles[103]:
And vows extorted are not binding
In law, and ſo not worth the minding.

For

For we have in this hurly-burly
Sent off our conſciences on furlow,
Thrown our religion o'er in form;
Our ſhip to lighten in the ſtorm.
Nor need we bluſh your Whigs before;
If we've no virtue you've no more.

Yet black with ſins, would ſtain a mitre,
Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter,
And ſtuff'd with choler atrabilious,
Inſult us here for peccadilloes?
While all your vices run ſo high
That mercy ſcarce could find ſupply:
While ſhould you offer to repent,
You'd need more faſting days than Lent,
More groans than haunted churchyard vallies,
And more confeſſions than broad-alleys[104].
I'll ſhow you all at fitter time,
The extent and greatneſs of your crime,
And here demonſtrate to your face,
Your want of virtue, as of grace,
Evinced from topics old and recent:
But thus much muſt ſuffice at preſent.

To

To th' after-portion of the day,
I leave what more remains to ſay;
When I've good hope you'll all appear,
More fitted and prepared to hear,
And griev'd for all your vile demeanour
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

M'FINGAL:

CANTO SECOND,

OR

THE TOWN-MEETING, P. M.

THE Sun, who never ſtops to dine,
Two hours had paſs'd the midway line,
And driving at his uſual rate,
Laſh'd on his downward car of ſtate.
And now expired the ſhort vacation,
And dinner done in epic faſhion;
While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheeſe;
Nor ſhall we, like old Homer care
To verſify their bill of fare.
For now each party, feaſted well,
Throng'd in, like ſheep, at ſound of bell,

With

With equal ſpirit took their places;
And meeting oped with three Oh yeſſes[1]:
When firſt the daring Whigs 't oppoſe,
Again the great M'Fingal roſe,
Stretch'd magiſterial arm amain,
And thus aſſum'd th' accuſing ſtrain.

"Ye Whigs attend, and hear affrighted
The crimes whereof ye ſtand indicted,
The ſins and follies paſt all compaſs,
That prove you guilty or non compos.
I leave the verdict to your ſenſes,
And jury of your conſciences;
Which tho' they're neither good nor true,
Muſt yet convict you and your crew.
Ungrateful ſons! a factious band,
That riſe againſt your parent-land!
Ye viper'd race, that burſt in ſtrife,
The welcome womb, that gave you life,
Tear with ſharp fangs and forked tongue,
Th' indulgent bowels, whence you ſprung;
And ſcorn the debt of obligation
You juſtly owe the Britiſh nation,

Which

Which ſince you cannot pay, your crew
Affect to ſwear 'twas never due.
Did not the deeds of England's Primate[2]
Firſt drive your fathers to this climate,
Whom jails and fines and ev'ry ill
Forc'd to their good againſt their will?
Ye owe to their obliging temper
The peopling your newfangled empire,
While ev'ry Britiſh act and canon
Stood forth your cauſa ſine qua non.
Did they not ſend you charters o'er[3],
And give you lands you own'd before,
Permit you all to ſpill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you could;
On theſe mild terms, that conqueſt won,
The realm you gain'd ſhould be their own.
Or when of late attack'd by thoſe,
Whom her connection made your foes[4],
Did they not then, diſtreſt in war,
Send Gen'rals to your help from far[5],
Whoſe aid you own'd in terms leſs haughty
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?[6]

Say

Say, at what period did they grudge
To ſend you Governor or Judge,
With all their miſſionary crew,
To teach you law and goſpel too?
Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population;
Propos'd their Biſhops to ſurrender,
And made their Prieſts a legal tender,
Who only aſk'd in ſurplice clad,
The ſimple tythe of all you had[7]:
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have ſent their troops t' eſtabliſh law,
And with gunpowder, fire and ball,
Reform your people one and all.
Yet when their inſolence and pride
Have anger'd all the world beſide,
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuſe to lend them aid;
And rather riſque your heads in fight,
Than gratefully throw in your mite[8]?
Can they for debts make ſatisfaction,
Should they diſpoſe their realm by auction;

And

And ſell off Britain's goods and land all
To France and Spain by inch of candle?
Shall good king George, with want oppreſt,
Inſert his name in bankrupt liſt,
And ſhut up ſhop, like failing merchant,
That fears the bailiffs ſhould make ſearch in't;
With poverty ſhall princes ſtrive,
And nobles lack whereon to live?
Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,
To feed their brats on poſts and penſions[9],
Made ev'n Scotch friends with taxes groan,
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
Yet have on hand as well deſerving,
Ten thousand baſtards left for ſtarving?
And can you now with conſcience clear,
Refuſe them an aſylum here,
Or not maintain in manner fitting
These genuine ſons of mother Britain[10]?
T' evade theſe crimes of blackeſt grain,
You prate of liberty in vain,
And ſtrive to hide your vile deſigns,
With terms abſtruſe like ſchool-divines.

Your

Your boaſted patriotiſm is ſcarce,
And country's love is but a farce;
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no ſuch thing.
Our Engliſh writers of great fame
Prove public virtue but a name.
Hath not Dalrymple [11] ſhow'd in print,
And Johnſon [12] too, there's nothing in't?
Produc'd you demonſtration ample
From other's and their own example,
That ſelf is ſtill, in either faction,
The only principle of action;
The loadſtone, whoſe attracting tether
Keeps the politic world together:
And ſpite of all your double-dealing,
We Tories know 'tis ſo, by feeling.

Who heeds your babbling of tranſmitting
Freedom to brats of your begetting,
Or will proceed as though there were a tie,
Or obligation to poſterity [13]?
We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurſe;
What has poſter'ty done for us,

That

That we, leſt they their rights ſhould loſe,
Should truſt our necks to gripe of nooſe?

And who believes you will not run?
You're cowards, ev'ry mother's ſon;
And ſhould you offer to deny,
We've witneſſes to prove it by.
Attend th' opinion firſt, as referee,
Of your old Gen'ral, ſtout Sir Jeffery[14],
Who ſwore that with five thouſand foot
He'd rout you all, and in purſuit,
Run thro' the land as eaſily,
As camel thro' a needle's eye[15].
Did not the valiant Col'nel Grant
Againſt your courage make his ſtant,
Affirm your univerſal failure
In ev'ry principle of valour,
And ſwear no ſcamp'rers e'er could match you,
So ſwift, a bullet ſcarce could catch you[16]?
And will ye not confeſs in this,
A judge moſt competent he is,
Well ſkill'd on runnings to decide,
As what himſelf has often tried?

'Twould

'Twould not methinks be labour loſt,
If you'd ſit down and count the coſt;
And ere you call your Yankies out,
Firſt think what work you've ſet about.
Have ye not rouz'd, his force to try on,
That grim old beaſt, the Britiſh lion?
And know you not that at a ſup
He's large enough to eat you up?
Have you ſurvey'd his jaws beneath,
Drawn inventories of his teeth,
Or have you weigh'd in even balance,
His ſtrength and magnitude of talons?
His roar would turn your boaſts to fear,
As eaſily as ſour ſmall-beer[17],
And make your feet from dreadful fray,
By native inſtinct run away.
Britain, depend on't will take on her
T' aſſert her dignity and honor,
And ere ſhe'd loſe your ſhare of pelf,
Deſtroy your country and herſelf.
For has not North declar'd they fight
To gain ſubſtantial rev'nue by't[18],

Denied

Denied he'd ever deign to treat,
Till on your knees and at his feet?
And feel you not a trifling ague,
From Van's Delenda eſt Carthago[19]?
For this, now Britain has come to't.
Think you ſhe has not means to do't?
Has ſhe not ſet to work all engines
To ſpirit up the native Indians,
Send on your backs a ſavage band,
With each a hatchet in his hand,
T' amuſe themſelves with ſcalping knives,
And butcher children and your wives[20];
That ſhe may boaſt again with vanity,
Her Engliſh national humanity?
(For now in its primæval ſenſe,
This term, human'ty, comprehends
All things of which, on this ſide hell,
The human mind is capable;
And thus 'tis well, by writers ſage,
Applied to Britain and to Gage.)
And on this work to raiſe allies,
She ſent her duplicate of Guys,

To

To drive, at diff'rent parts at once, on
Her ſtout Guy Carlton and Guy Johnſon[21];
To each of whom, to ſend again ye
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny[22].
Tho' the dun cow he fell'd in war,
Theſe killcows are his betters far[23].

And has ſhe not affay'd her notes,
To rouze your ſlaves to cut your throats,
Sent o'er ambaſſadors with guineas,
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas[24]?
And has not Gage, her miſſionary
Turn'd many an Afric ſlave t' a Tory,
And made th' Amer'can biſhop's ſee grow,
By many a new-converted Negro[25]?
As friends to gov'rnment did not he
Their ſlaves at Boſton late set free;
Enliſt them all in black parade,
Set off with regimental red[26]?
And were they not accounted then
Among his very braveſt men?
And when ſuch means ſhe ſtoops to take,
Think you ſhe is not wide awake?

As Eliphaz' good man in Job
Own'd num'rous allies thro' the globe;
Had brought the ſtones along the ſtreet
To ratify a cov'nant meet,
And ev'ry beaſt from lice to lions,
To join in leagues of ſtrict alliance[27]:
Has ſhe not cring'd, in ſpite of pride,
For like aſſistance far and wide?
Was there a creature ſo deſpiſ'd,
Its aid ſhe has not ſought and priz'd?
Till all this formidable league roſe
Of Indians, Britiſh troops and Negroes[28],
And can you break theſe triple bands
By all your workmanſhip of hands?"

"Sir, quoth Honorius, we preſume
You gueſs from paſt feats, what's to come,
And from the mighty deeds of Gage,
Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.
You doubtleſs recollected here
The annals of his firſt great year:
While wearying out the Tories' patience,
He ſpent his breath in proclamations;

While

While all his mighty noiſe and vapour
Was uſed in wrangling upon paper;
And boaſted military ſits
Cloſed in the ſtraining of his wits;
While troops in Boſton commons plac'd [29]
Laid nought but quires of paper waſte;
While ſtrokes alternate ſtunn'd the nation,
Proteſt, addreſs and proclamation;
And ſpeech met ſpeech, fib claſh'd with fib,
And Gage ſtill anſwer'd, ſquib for ſquib.

Tho' this not all his time was loſt on;
He fortified the town of Boſton;
Built breaſtworks that might lend aſſiſtance
To keep the patriots at a diſtance [30];
(For howſoe'er the rogues might ſcoff,
He liked them beſt the fartheſt off)
Of mighty uſe and help to aid
His courage, when he felt afraid;
And whence right off in manful ſtation,
He'd boldly pop his proclamation.
Our hearts muſt in our boſoms freeze
At ſuch heroic deeds as theſe."

"Vain

"Vain," quoth the 'Squire, "you'll find to ſneer
At Gage's firſt triumphant year;
For Providence, diſpos'd to teaze us,
Can uſe what inſtruments it pleaſes.
To pay a tax at Peter's wiſh,
His chief caſhier was once a Fiſh[31];
An Aſs, in Balaam's ſad diſaſter,
Turn'd orator and ſav'd his maſter[32];
A Gooſe plac'd centry on his ſtation
Preſerv'd old Rome from deſolation[33];
An Engliſh Biſhop's Cur of late
Diſcloſed rebellions 'gainſt the ſtate[34];
So Frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
And Lice revers'd the threat'ning ſentence[35]:
And heav'n can ruin you at pleaſure,
By our ſcorn'd Gage, as well as Cæſar.
Yet did our hero in theſe days
Pick up ſome laurel wreaths of praiſe.
And as the ſtatuary of Seville
Made his crackt ſaint an exc'llent devil;
So tho' our war few triumphs brings,
We gain'd great fame in other things.

Did

Did not our troops ſhow much diſcerning,
And ſkill your various arts in learning?
Outwent they not each native Noodle[26]
By far in playing Yanky-doodle;
Which, as 'twas your New-England tune,
'Twas marvellous they took ſo ſoon[27]?
And ere the year was fully thro',
Did not they learn to foot it too;
And ſuch a dance as ne'er was known,
For twenty miles on end lead down?
Was there a Yanky trick you knew,
They did not play as well as you?
Did they not lay their heads together,
And gain your art to tar and feather,
When Col'nel Neſbitt thro' the town,
In triumph bore the country-clown?
Oh, what a glorious work to ſing
The vet'ran troops of Britain's king,
Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!
To paint the cart where culprits ride,
And Neſbitt marching at its ſide,

Great

Great executioner and proud,
Like hangman high on Holbourn road;
And o'er the bright triumphal car
The waving enſigns of the war[38]!
As when a triumph Rome decreed,
For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
Who had ſubdued the Britiſh ſeas,
By gath'ring cockles from their baſe[39];
In pompous car the conqu'ror bore
His captiv'd ſcallops from the ſhore,
Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,
And mighty feats of oyſter-catching:
O'er Yankies thus the war begun,
They tarr'd and triumph'd over one;
And fought and boaſted thro' the ſeaſon,
With might as great, and equal reaſon.

Yet thus, tho' ſkill'd in vict'ry's toils,
They boaſt, not unexpert, in wiles.
For gain'd they not an equal fame in
The arts of ſecrecy and ſcheming?
In ſtratagems ſhow'd mighty force,
And moderniz'd the Trojan horſe,

Play'd

Play'd o'er again thoſe tricks Ulyſſean,
In their fam'd Salem-expedition?
For as that horſe, the Poets tell ye,
Bore Grecian armies in his belly;
Till their full reck'ning run, with joy
Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy[40]:
So in one ſhip was Leslie[41] bold
Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,
Equipp'd for enterprize and ſail,
Like Jonas ſtow'd in womb of whale.
To Marblehead[42] in depth of night,
The cautious veſſel wing'd her flight.
And now the ſabbath's ſilent day
Call'd all your Yankies off to pray;
Remov'd each prying jealous neighbour,
The ſcheme and veſſel fell in labour;
Forth from its hollow womb pour'd haſt'ly
The Myrmidons of Col'nel Leſlie:
Not thicker o'er the blacken'd ſtrand
The frogs' detachment ruſh'd to land,
Equipp'd by onſet or ſurprize
To ſtorm th' entrenchment of the mice[43].

Thro'

Thro' Salem ſtrait without delay,
The bold battalion took its way,
March'd o'er a bridge in open ſight
Of ſev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight,
Then without loſs of time, or men
Veer'd round for Boſton back again;
And found ſo well their projects thrive,
That ev'ry ſoul got home alive[44].

Thus Gage's arms did fortune bleſs
With triumph, ſafety and ſucceſs:
But mercy is without diſpute
His firſt and darling attribute;
So great it far outwent and conquer'd
His military ſkill at Concord[45].
There when the war he choſe to wage
Shone the benevolence of Gage;
Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
On errands meer of ſpecial grace,
And all the work he choſe them for
Was to prevent a civil war[46]:
And for that purpoſe he projected
The only certain way t' effect it,

To

To take your powder, ſtores and arms,
And all your means of doing harms:
As prudent folks take knives away,
Leſt children cut themſelves at play.
And yet tho' this was all his ſcheme,
This war you ſtill will charge on him;
And tho' he oft has ſwore and ſaid it,
Stick cloſe to facts and give no credit.
Think you, he wiſh'd you'd brave and beard him?
Why, 'twas the very thing that ſcar'd him.
He'd rather you ſhould all have run,
Than ſtay'd to fire a ſingle gun.
And for the civil war you lament,
Faith, you yourſelves muſt take the blame in't;
For had you then, as he intended,
Giv'n up your arms, it muſt have ended.
Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
Where one ſide only gives the blows,
And th' other bears 'em; on reflection
The moſt you'll call it is correction.
Nor could the conteſt have gone higher,
If you had ne'er return'd the fire;

But

But when you ſhot, and not before,
It then commenc'd a civil war[47].
Elſe Gage, to end this controverſy,
Had but corrected you in mercy:
Whom mother Britain old and wiſe,
Sent o'er, the Col'nies to chaſtise;
Command obedience on their peril
Of miniſterial whip and ferule;
And ſince they ne'er muſt come of age,
Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.
Still more, that this was all their errand,
The army's conduct makes apparent.
What tho' at Lexington you can ſay
They kill'd a few they did not fancy,
At Concord then, with manful popping,
Discharg'd a round the ball to open?
Yet when they ſaw your rebel-rout
Determin'd ſtill to hold it out;
Did they not ſhow their love to peace,
And wiſh, that diſcord ſtrait might ceaſe,
Demonſtrate, and by proofs uncommon,
Their orders were to injure no man?

For

For did not ev'ry Reg'lar run
As ſoon as e'er you fir'd a gun[48];
Take the firſt ſhot you ſent them greeting,
As meant their ſignal for retreating;
And fearful if they ſtaid for ſport,
You might by accident be hurt,
Convey themſelves with ſpeed away
Full twenty miles in half a day[49];
Race till their legs were grown ſo weary,
They'd ſcarce ſuffice their weight to carry?
Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearſay,
The great activ'ty of Lord Piercy[50];
Whoſe brave example led them on,
And ſpirited the troops to run;
And now may boaſt at royal levees
A Yanky-chase worth forty Chevys[51].
Yet you as vile as they were kind,
Purſued, like tygers, ſtill behind,
Fir'd on them at your will, and ſhut
The town, as tho' you'd ſtarve them out;
And with parade prepoſt'rous hedg'd
Affect to hold them there beſieg'd[52];

(Tho'

(Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call
Your Gov'rnor and Vice-Admiral,
Whoſe pow'r gubernatorial ſtill
Extends as far as Bunker's hill;
Whoſe admiralty reaches clever,
Near half a mile up Myſtic river[53],
Whoſe naval force commands the ſeas,
Can run away when'er he pleaſe)
Scar'd troops of Tories into town,
And burnt their hay and houſes down,
And menac'd Gage, unleſs he'd flee,
To drive him headlong to the ſea[54];
As once, to faithless Jews a ſign,
The de'el, turn'd hog-reeve, did the ſwine[55].

But now your triumphs all are o'er;
For ſee from Britain's angry ſhore
With mighty hoſts of valour join
Her Howe, her Clinton and Burgoyne[56].
As comets thro' the affrighted ſkies
Pour baleful ruin, as they riſe[57];
As Ætna with infernal roar
In conflagration ſweeps the ſhore;

Or as Abijah White when ſent
Our Marſhfield friends to repreſent,
Himſelf while dread array involves,
Commiſſions, piſtols, ſwords, reſolves,
In awful pomp deſcending down,
Bore terror on the factious town[58]:
Not with leſs glory and affright,
Parade theſe Gen'rals forth to fight.
No more each Reg'lar Col'nel runs
From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
Thinks hornbugs bullets, or thro' fears
Muſkitoes takes for muſketeers;
Nor 'ſcapes, as tho' you'd gain'd allies
From Belzebub's whole hoſt of flies.
No bug their warlike hearts appalls;
They better know the ſound of balls[59].
I hear the din of battle bray,
The trump of horror marks its way.
I ſee afar the ſack of cities,
The gallows ſtrung with Whig-committees[60];
Your Moderators triced, like vermin,
And gate-poſts graced with heads of Chairmen;

Your

Your Gen'rals for wave-off'rings hanging[61],
And ladders throng'd with Prieſts haranguing.
What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes
With patriot-ears for ſacrifice!
What whipping-poſts your choſen race
Admit ſucceſſive in embrace[62],
While each bears off his crimes, alack!
Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back[63];
Where then, when Tories ſcarce get clear,
Shall Whigs and Congreſſes appear?
What rocks and mountains ſhall you call
To wrap you over with their fall,
And ſave your heads in theſe ſad weathers,
From fire and ſword, and tar and feathers!
For lo, with Britiſh troops tarbright,
Again our Neſbitt heaves in ſight!
He comes, he comes, your lines to ſtorm,
And rig your troops in uniform[64]!
To meet ſuch heroes, will ye brag,
With fury arm'd, and feather-bag;
Who wield their miſſile pitch and tar,
With engines new in Britiſh war?

Lo, where our mighty navy brings
Deſtruction on her canvas-wings[65],
While thro' the deeps her potent thunder,
Shall ſound th' alarm to rob and plunder!
As Phœbus firſt, ſo Homer ſpeaks,
When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks[66],
'Gainſt mules ſent forth his arrows fatal,
And ſlew th' auxiliaries, their cattle;
So where our ſhips ſhall ſtretch the keel,
What conquer'd oxen ſhall they ſteal!
What heroes riſing from the deep
Invade your marſhall'd hoſts of ſheep!
Diſperſe whole troops of horſe, and preſſing,
Make cows ſurrender at diſcretion;
Attack your hens, like Alexanders,
And reg'ments rout of geeſe and ganders;
Or where united arms combine
Lead captive many a herd of ſwine[67]!
Then ruſh in dreadful fury down
To fire on ev'ry ſeaport town;
Diſplay their glory and their wits,
Fright unarm'd children into fits,

And

And ſtoutly from th' unequal fray,
Make many a woman run away[68]!
And can ye doubt whene'er we pleaſe
Our chiefs ſhall boaſt ſuch deeds as theſe?
Have we not chiefs tranſcending far,
The old fam'd thunderbolts of war;
Beyond the brave romantic fighters,
Stiled ſwords of death by novel-writers?
Nor in romancing ages e'er roſe
So terrible a tier of heroes.
From Gage, what flaſhes fright the waves!
How loud a blunderbuſs is Graves[69]!
How Newport dreads the bluſtring ſallies,
That thunder from our popgun, Wallace,
While noiſe in formidable ſtrains
Spouts from his thimble-full of brains[70]!
I ſee you ſink with aw'd ſurprize!
I ſee our Tory-brethren riſe!
And as the ſect'ries Sandemanian,
Our friends deſcribe their wiſh'd Millennium[71];
Tell how the world in ev'ry region
At once ſhall own their true religion;

For

For heav'n with plagues of awful dread
Shall knock all heretics o' th' head;
And then their church, the meek in ſpirit,
The earth, as promiſ'd, ſhall inherit,
From the dead wicked, as heirs male,
And next remainder-men in tail:
Such ruin ſhall the Whigs oppreſs!
Such ſpoils our Tory friends ſhall bleſs!
While Confiſcation at command[12]
Shall ſtalk in horror thro' the land,
Shall give your Whig-eſtates away,
And call our brethren into play.

And can ye doubt or ſcruple more,
Theſe things are near you at the door?
Behold! for tho' to reaſ'ning blind,
Signs of the times ye ſure might mind,
And view impending fate as plain
As ye'd foretell a ſhow'r of rain.

Hath not heav'n warn'd you what muſt enſue,
And Providence declar'd againſt you;

Hung

Hung forth its dire portents of war,
By ſigns and beacons in the air [73];
Alarm'd old women all around
By fearful noiſes under ground;
While earth for many dozen leagues
Groan'd with her diſmal load of Whigs?
Was there a meteor far and wide
But muſter'd on the Tory-ſide?
A ſtar malign that has not bent
Its aſpects for the Parliament,
Foreboding your defeat and miſery;
As once they fought againſt old Siſera [74]?
Was there a cloud that ſpread the ſkies,
But bore our armies of allies?
While dreadful hoſts of fire ſtood forth
'Mid baleful glimm'rings from the North;
Which plainly ſhows which part they join'd,
For North's the miniſter, ye mind;
Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
On Northern blaſts have ſtrain'd their wits [75];
And think ye not the clouds know how
To make the pun as well as you?

Did

Did there ariſe an apparition,
But grinn'd forth ruin to ſedition?
A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,
And click'd deſtruction to the Whigs?
Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,
At night our or'tors in the air,
That, loud as admiralty-libel,
Read awful chapters from the bible,
And death and deviltry denounc'd,
And told you how you'd ſoon be trounc'd?
I ſee to join our conqu'ring ſide
Heav'n, earth and hell at once allied!
See from your overthrow and end
The Tories paradiſe aſcend;
Like that new world that claims its ſtation
Beyond the final conflagration!
I ſee the day that lots your ſhare
In utter darkneſs and deſpair;
The day of joy, when North, our Lord,
His faithful fav'rites ſhall reward!
No Tory then ſhall ſet before him
Small wiſh of 'Squire, or Juſtice Quorum;

But

But 'fore his unmiſtaken eyes
See Lordſhips, poſts and penſions riſe.
Awake to gladneſs then, ye Tories,
Th' unbounded proſpect lies before us?
The pow'r diſplay'd in Gage's banners
Shall cut Amer'can lands to manors,
And o'er our happy conquer'd ground
Diſpenſe eſtates and titles round.
Behold, the world ſhall ſtare at new ſetts
Of home-made earls in Maſſachuſetts[76];
Admire, array'd in ducal taſſels,
Your Ol'vers, Hutchinſons and Vaſſals[77];
See join'd in miniſterial work
His grace of Albany and York[78]!
What Lordſhips from each carv'd eſtate,
On our New-York Aſſembly wait!
What titled Jauncys[79], Gales[80] and Billops[81];
Lord Bruſh[82], Lord Wilkins[83] and Lord Philips[84]!
In wide-ſleev'd pomp of godly guiſe,
What ſolemn rows of biſhops riſe!
Aloft a card'nal's hat is ſpread
O'er punſter Cooper's[85] rev'rend head!

In

In Vardell[66], that poetic zealot,
I view a lawn-bedizen'd prelate!
While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,
On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty[67]!
Knights, viſcounts, barons ſhall ye meet
As thick as pavements in the ſtreet!
Ev'n I perhaps, heav'n ſpeed my claim,
Shall fix a Sir before my name.
For titles all our foreheads ache;
For what bleſt changes can they make!
Place rev'rence, grace and excellence
Where neither claim'd the leaſt pretence;
Transform by patent's magic words
Men, likeſt devils, into Lords;
Whence commoners to peers tranſlated
Are juſtly ſaid to be created[68]!
Now where commiſſioners ye ſaw
Shall boards of nobles deal you law!
Long-robed comptrollers judge your rights,
And tide-waiters ſtart up in knights!
While Whigs ſubdued in ſlaviſh awe,
Our wood ſhall hew, our water draw,

And

And bleſs that mildneſs, when paſt hope,
Which ſav'd their necks from nooſe of rope.
For as to gain aſſiſtance we
Deſign their Negroes to ſet free;
For Whigs, when we enough ſhall bang 'em,
Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'em;
Except their chiefs; the vulgar knaves
Will do more good preſerv'd for ſlaves."

"'Tis well, Honorius cried, your ſcheme
Has painted out a pretty dream.
We can't confute your ſecond ſight;
We ſhall be ſlaves and you a knight:
Theſe things muſt come; but I divine
They'll come not in your day, or mine.
But oh, my friends, my brethren, hear,
And turn for once th' attentive ear.
Ye ſee how prompt to aid our woes,
The tender mercies of our foes;
Ye ſee with what unvaried rancour
Still for our blood their minions hanker,
Nor aught can ſate their mad ambition,
From us, but death, or worſe, ſubmiſſion.

Shall

Shall theſe then riot in our ſpoil,
Reap the glad harveſt of our toil,
Riſe from their country's ruin proud,
And roll their chariot wheels in blood?
And can ye ſleep while high outſpread
Hangs deſolation o'er your head?
See Gage with inauſpicious ſtar
Has oped the gates of civil war;
When ſtreams of gore from freemen ſlain,
Encrimſon'd Concord's fatal plain;
Whoſe warning voice with awful ſound,
Still cries, like Abel's from the ground,
And heav'n, attentive to its call,
Shall doom the proud oppreſſor's fall[89].

Riſe then, ere ruin ſwift ſurprize,
To victory, to vengeance riſe!
Hark, how the diſtant din alarms!
The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms;
From provinces remote, afar,
The ſons of glory rouze to war;
'Tis freedom calls; th' enraptur'd ſound
The Apalachian hills rebound[90];

The

The Georgian ſhores her voice ſhall hear[91],
And ſtart from lethargies of fear.
From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray,
Where pours the ſun intenſer day,
To ſhores where icy waters roll,
And tremble to the duſky pole,
Inſpir'd by freedom's heav'nly charms,
United nations wake to arms.
The ſtar of conqueſt lights their way,
And guides their vengeance on their prey—
Yes, tho' tyrannic force oppoſe,
Still ſhall they triumph o'er their foes,
Till heav'n the happy land ſhall bleſs,
With ſafety, liberty and peace.

And ye whoſe ſouls of daſtard mould
Start at the brav'ry of the bold;
To love your country who pretend,
Yet want all ſpirit to defend;
Who feel your fancies ſo prolific,
Engend'ring viſion'd whims terrific,
O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
Fire, blood and thunder in reverſion,

King's

King's ſtandards, pill'ries, confiſcations,
And Gage's ſcarecrow proclamations[92],
With all the trumpery of fear;
Hear bullets whizzing in your rear;
Who ſcarce could rouze, if caught in fray,
Preſence of mind to run away;
See nought but halters riſe to view
In all your dreams (and dreams are true);
And while theſe phantoms haunt your brains,
Bow down the willing neck to chains;
Heav'ns! are ye ſons of ſires ſo great,
Immortal in the fields of fate,
Who brav'd all deaths by land or ſea,
Who bled, who conquer'd to be free!
Hence, coward ſouls, the worſt diſgrace
Of our forefathers' valiant race;
Hie homeward from the glorious field;
There turn the wheel, the diſtaff wield;
Act what ye are, nor dare to ſtain
The warrior's arms with touch profane:
There beg your more heroic wives
To guard your children and your lives;

Beneath

Beneath their aprons find a ſcreen,
Nor dare to mingle more with men."

As thus he ſaid, the Tories' anger
Could now reſtrain itſelf no longer,
Who tried before by many a freak, or
Inſulting noiſe, to ſtop the ſpeaker;
Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew-door;
Their feet kept ſhuffling on the floor;
Made their disapprobation known
By many a murmur, hum and groan,
That to his ſpeech ſupplied the place
Of counterpart in thorough-baſe:
As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demoſthenes
Harangued the rumbling of the ſeas,
Held forth with eloquence full grave
To audience loud of wind and wave[93];
And had a ſtiller congregation
Than Tories are to hear th' oration.
But now the ſtorm grew high and louder
As nearer thunderings of a cloud are,

And

And ev'ry ſoul with heart and voice
Supplied his quota of the noiſe;
Each liſtening ear was ſet on torture
Each Tory bell'wing out, to order;
And ſome, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring faſt, for leave to ſpeak;
The moderator, with great vi'lence,
The cuſhion thump'd with "Silence, ſilence;"
The conſtable to ev'ry prater
Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the moderator[34];"
Some call'd the vote, and ſome in turn
Were ſcreaming high, "Adjourn, adjourn:"
Not chaos heard ſuch jars and claſhes
When all the el'ments fought for places.
Each bludgeon ſoon for blows was tim'd;
Each fiſt ſtood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The ſtorm each moment louder grew;
His ſword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to ſhare,
To keep the peace, or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are ſkill'd in ſeeing;

Plum'd

Plum'd Victory ſtood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit-canopy[95].
To join, as is her cuſtom tried,
Like Indians, on the ſtrongeſt ſide;
The Deſtinies with ſhears and diſtaff,
Drew near their threads of life to twiſt off[96];
The Furies 'gan to feaſt on blows[97],
And broken heads or bloody noſe;
When on a ſudden from without
Aroſe a loud terrific ſhout;
And ſtrait the people all at once heard
Of tongues an univerſal concert:
Like Æſop's times, as fable runs,
When ev'ry creature talk'd at once[98],
Or like the variegated gabble
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel[99].
Each party ſoon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parole;
Eager to know what fearful matter
Had conjur'd up ſuch gen'ral clatter;
And left the church in thin array,
As tho' it had been lecture-day[100].

Our 'Squire M'Fingal ſtraitway beckon'd
The conſtable to ſtand his ſecond,
And ſallied forth with aſpect fierce
The crowd aſſembled to diſperſe.
The moderator out of view
Beneath a bench had lain perdue;
Peep'd up his head to view the fray,
Beheld the wranglers run away,
And left alone with ſolemn face,
Adjourn'd them without time or place.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO THIRD,

OR

THE LIBERTY POLE.

NOW arm'd with miniſterial ire,
Fierce ſallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
And on his ſtriding ſteps attends,
His deſp'rate clan of Tory friends;
When ſudden met his angry eye,
A pole aſcending thro' the ſky,
Which num'rous throngs of Whiggiſh race
Were raiſing in the market-place[1];
Not higher ſchool-boys kites aſpire,
Or royal maſt or country ſpire,
Like ſpears at Brobdignagian tilting[2],
Or Satan's walking-ſtaff in Milton[3];

And

And on its top the flag unfurl'd,
Waved triumph o'er the proſtrate world,
Inſcribed with inconſiſtent types
Of liberty and thirteen ſtripes[4].
Beneath, the croud without delay,
The dedication-rites eſſay,
And gladly pay in antient faſhion,
The ceremonies of libation;
While briſkly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round th' inſpiring flip[5]:
Delicious draught, whoſe pow'rs inherit
The quinteſſence of public ſpirit!
Which whoſo taſtes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refined,
Or rouz'd for martial controverſy,
As from transforming cups of Circe[6];
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor[7].
At hand for new ſupplies in ſtore,
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men at fires in town[8].

Then

Then with three ſhouts that tore the ſky,
'Tis conſecrate to Liberty;
To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,
A grand committee cull'd of four is,
Who foremoſt on the patriot ſpot,
Had brought the flip and paid the ſhot.

By this, M'Fingal with his train,
Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
And fierce with loyal rage poſſeſs'd,
Pour'd forth the zeal, that fired his breaſt.
"What madbrain'd rebel gave commiſſion,
To raiſe this Maypole[9] of ſedition!
Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confuſion too of tongues[10],
To point at heav'n and ſummon down,
The thunders of the Britiſh crown[11]?
Say will this paltry pole ſecure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to ſtand your ark of ſafety?
Or driv'n by Scottiſh laird and laddie[12],
Think ye to reſt beneath its ſhadow?

When

When bombs, like fiery ſerpents, fly
And balls move hiſſing thro' the ſky,
Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewiſh pole in Edom;
Or, like the brazen ſnake of Moſes[13],
Cure your crack't ſkulls and batter'd noſes?
Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue,
Or tavernprating demagogue,
Whoſe tongue but rings, with ſound more full,
On th' empty drumhead of his ſkull,
Behold you know not what noiſy fools
Uſe you, worſe ſimpletons, for tools?
For Liberty in your own by-ſenſe
Is but for crimes a patent licence;
To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common ſtock,
Reduce all grievances and ills
To Magna Charta[14] of your wills,
Eſtabliſh cheats and frauds and nonſenſe,
Fram'd by the model of your conſcience,
Cry juſtice down, as out of faſhion
And fix its ſcale of depreciation[15],

Defy

Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
And paſs new years of Jewiſh jubilee ;
Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,
By juriſdictions of white ſtaves[17],
And make the bar and bench and ſteeple,
Submit t' our ſov'reign Lord, the people ;
Aſſure each knave his whole aſſets,
By gen'ral amneſty of debts ;
By plunder riſe to pow'r and glory,
And brand all property as tory[18];
Expoſe all wares to lawful ſeizures
Of mobbers and monopolizers ;
Break heads and windows and the peace,
For your own int'reſt and increaſe ;
Diſpute and pray and fight and groan,
For public good, and mean your own ;
Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
From quitting ſcores upon your backs,
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And ſeize the ſtocks[19] your antient foe ;
And turn them, as convenient engines
To wreak your patriotic vengeance ;

While

While all, your claims who underſtand,
Confeſs they're in the owner's hand:
And when by clamours and confuſions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuiſance,
Cry, Liberty, with pow'rful yearning,
As he does, fire, whoſe houſe is burning,
Tho' he already has much more,
Than he can find occaſion for.
While every dunce, that turns the plains
Tho' bankrupt in eſtate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,
Forſakes his plow to turn dictator,
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
And drags you by the ears, like pigs.
All bluſter arm'd with factious licence,
Transform'd at once to politicians;
Each leather-apron'd clown grown wiſe,
Preſents his forward face t' adviſe,
And tatter'd legiſlators meet
From ev'ry workſhop thro' the ſtreet;
His gooſe the tailor finds new uſe in,
To patch and turn the conſtitution;

The blackſmith comes with ſledge and grate,
To ironbind the wheels of ſtate;
The quack forbears his patient's ſouſe,
To purge the Council and the Houſe,
The tinker quits his molds and doxies,
To caſt aſſembly-men at proxies[20].
From dunghills deep of ſable hue,
Your dirtbred patriots ſpring to view,
To wealth and pow'r and penſion riſe,
Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies;
And fluttring round in proud parade
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
See Arnold quits for ways more certain,
His bankrupt perj'ries for his fortune,
Brews rum no longer in his ſtore,
Jockey and ſkipper now no more;
Forſakes his warehouſes and docks,
And writs of ſlander for the pox,
And purg'd by patriotiſm from ſhame,
Grows Gen'ral of the foremoſt name[21].

HIATUS[22].

For

For in this ferment of the ſtream,
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And by the rule of topſyturvys,
The ſkum ſtands ſwelling on the ſurface.
You've caus'd your pyramid t' aſcend
And ſet it on the little end;
Like Hudibras[23], your empire's made,
Whoſe crupper had o'ertopped his head;
You've puſh'd and turn'd the whole world up-
Side down and got yourſelves a-top:
While all the great ones of your ſtate,
Are cruſh'd beneath the pop'lar weight,
Nor can you boaſt this preſent hour,
The ſhadow of the form of pow'r.
For what's your Congreſs, or its end?
A power t' adviſe and recommend;
To call for troops, adjuſt your quotas,
And yet no ſoul is bound to notice[24];
To pawn your faith to th' utmoſt limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it[25],
And when in want no more in them lies,
Than begging of your State-Aſſemblies;

Can

Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head[26],
But ſhould a faction e'er diſpute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em.
As tho' you choſe ſupreme dictators,
And put them under conſervators;
You've but purſued the ſelfſame way,
With Shakeſpeare's Trinclo in the play[27],
"You ſhall be viceroys here, 'tis true,
But we'll be viceroys over you."
What wild confuſion hence muſt enſue,
Tho' common danger yet cements you;
So ſome wreck'd veſſel, all in ſhatters,
Is held up by ſurrounding waters,
But ſtranded, when the preſſure ceaſes,
Falls by its rottenneſs to pieces.
And fall it muſt—if wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have ſenſe enough to mend it;
But creeping on with low intrigues
Like vermin of an hundred legs[28],
Will find as ſhort a life aſſign'd,
As all things elſe of reptile kind.

Your

Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,
The property of ev'ry varlet,
Which now in taſte and full employ,
All ſorts admire, as all enjoy;
But ſoon a batter'd ſtrumpet grown,
You'll curſe and drum her out of town.
Such is the government you choſe,
For this you bade the world be foes,
For this ſo mark'd for diſſolution,
You ſcorn the Britiſh conſtitution[99],
That conſtitution, form'd by ſages,
The wonder of all modern ages:
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;
And only proves the adage juſt,
That beſt things ſpoil'd corrupt to worſt.
So man ſupreme in mortal ſtation,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corſe is dead as herring,
Becomes the moſt offenſive carrion,
And ſooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beaſts rotting 'bove the ground.

Yet

Yet for this gov'rnment, to diſmay us,
You've call'd up anarchy from chaos,
With all the followers of her ſchool,
Uproar and rage and wild miſrule;
For whom this rout of Whigs diſtracted
And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head;
Theſe new-caſt legiſlative engines
Of county-muſters and conventions,
Committees vile of correſpondence[30],
And mobs, whoſe tricks have almoſt undone 's;
While reaſon fails to check your courſe,
And loyalty's kick'd out of doors,
And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoiſts on your poles her royal ſtandard.
While the king's friends in doleful dumps,
Have worn their courage to the ſtumps,
And leaving George in ſad diſaſter,
Moſt ſinfully deny their maſter.
What furies raged when you in ſea,
In ſhape of Indians drown'd the tea[31],
When your gay ſparks, fatigued to watch it[32],
Aſſumed the moggiſon[33] and hatchet.

With

With wampom'd blankets hid their laces[34],
And like their ſweethearts, primed their faces[35]:
While not a redcoat[36] dar'd oppoſe,
And ſcarce a Tory ſhow'd his noſe,
While Hutchinſon for ſure retreat,
Manouvred to his country ſeat,
And thence affrighted in the ſuds,
Stole off bareheaded thro' the woods[37]!
Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,
And make Mandamus-men reſign[38],
Call'd forth each duffil-dreſs'd curmudgeon,
With dirty trowſers and white bludgeon,
Forc'd all our Councils thro' the land,
To yield their necks to your command[39];
While paleneſs marks their late diſgraces
Thro' all their rueful length of faces?
Have you not cauſed as woful work,
In loyal city of New York[40],
When all the rabble well cockaded,
In triumph thro' the ſtreets paraded;
And mobb'd the Tories, ſcared their ſpouſes,
And ranſack'd all the cuſtom-houſes[41],

Made

Made ſuch a tumult, bluſter, jarring,
That mid the claſh of tempeſts warring,
Smith's weathercock[42] with veers forlorn,
Could hardly tell which way to turn;
Burnt effigies of th' higher powers[43],
Contriv'd in planetary hours,
As witches with clay-images,
Deſtroy or torture whom they pleaſe;
Till fired with rage, th' ungrateful club
Spared not your beſt friend, Belzebub[44],
O'erlook'd his favours and forgot
The rev'rence due his cloven foot,
And in the ſelfſame furnace frying,
Burn'd him and North and Bute and Tryon[45]
Did you not in as vile and ſhallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,
Your Congreſs when the daring ribald
Belied, berated and beſcribbled?
What ropes and halters did you ſend,
Terrific emblems of his end,
Till leaſt he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee[46]?

Now

155900

Now riſing in progreſſion fatal,
Have you not ventur'd to give battle?
When treaſon chaced our heroes troubled,
With ruſty gun and leathern doublet,
Turn'd all ſtonewalls and groves and buſhes,
To batt'ries arm'd with blunderbuſſes,
And with deep wounds that fate portend,
Gaul'd many a reg'lar's latter end,
Drove them to Boſton, as in jail,
Confined without mainprize or bail[47].
Were not theſe deeds enough betimes,
To heap the meaſure of your crimes,
But in this loyal town and dwelling,
You raiſe theſe enſigns of rebellion?
'Tis done; fair Mercy ſhuts her door;
And Vengeance now ſhall ſleep no more[48];
Riſe then, my friends, in terror riſe,
And wipe this ſcandal from the ſkies!
You'll ſee their Dagon[49], tho' well jointed,
Will ſink before the Lord's anointed[50],
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns proſtrate fall[51]."

This

This ſaid, our 'Squire, yet undiſmay'd,
Call'd forth the Conſtable to aid,
And bade him read in nearer ſtation,
The riot-act and proclamation;
Who now advancing tow'rd the ring,
Began, "Our ſov'reign Lord the King"—[52]
When thouſand clam'rous tongues he hears,
And clubs and ſtones aſſail his ears;
To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
By foes encompaſs'd in the middle;
In ſtratagem his aid he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to ſeek an hiding place,
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
Where ſoon the conq'ring crew eſpied him,
And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.

At once with reſolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories ruſh'd to battle;
Inſtead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on ſuch arms, as came to hand.
And as fam'd Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs[53],

Who

Who at their feaſt, by Bacchus[54] led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And theſe arms failing in their ſcuffles,
Attack'd with handirons, tongs and ſhovels:
So clubs and billets, ſtaves and ſtones
Met fierce, encount'ring ev'ry ſconce,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains;
Their clamours rend the hills around,
And earth rebellows with the ſound;
And many a groan increas'd the din
From broken noſe and batter'd ſhin.
M'Fingal riſing at the word,
Drew forth his old militia ſword;
Thrice cried, "King George," as erſt in diſtreſs
Romancing heroes did their miſtreſs,
And brandiſhing the blade in air,
Struck terror thro' th' oppoſing war.
The Whigs, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion ſhrunk behind.
With whirling ſteel around addreſs'd,
Fierce thro' their thickeſt throng he preſs'd,

(Who

(Who roll'd on either ſide in arch,
Like Red-ſea waves in Iſrael's march)
And like a meteor ruſhing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and ſtones
Diſcharg'd whole vollies in platoons,
That o'er in whiſtling terror fly,
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps with conqueſt crown'd,
Our 'Squire had fell'd their pole to ground;
Had not ſome Pow'r, a Whig at heart,
Deſcended down and took their part;
(Whether 'twere Pallas[55], Mars[56], or Iris[57],
'Tis ſcarce worth while to make enquiries)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Aſſumed the graver form of Chairman;
Addreſs'd a Whig, in ev'ry ſcene
The ſtouteſt wreſtler on the green,
And pointed where the ſpade was found,
Late uſed to fix their pole in ground,
And urg'd with equal arms and might
To dare our 'Squire to ſingle fight[58].

The

The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanc'd tremendous to the field;
Nor did M'Fingal ſhun the foe,
But ſtood to brave the deſp'rate blow;
While all the party gaz'd ſuſpended,
To ſee the deadly combat ended.
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The ſword againſt the brandiſh'd ſpade,
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The ſword flew up and kick'd the beam,
Our 'Squire on tiptoe riſing fair,
Lifts high a noble ſtroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines
Deſcended on the foe in vengeance.
But ah, in danger with diſhonor
The ſword perfidious fails its owner;
That ſword, which oft had ſtood its ground
By huge trainbands encompaſs'd round,
Or on the bench, with blade right loyal[59],
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of ſtones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,
Shrunk from theſe new Vulcanian arms[60].

The

The ſpade ſo temper'd from the ſledge,
Nor keen nor ſolid harm'd its edge,
Now met it from his arm of might
Deſcending with ſteep force to ſmite[61];
The blade ſnapp'd ſhort—and from his hand
With ruſt embrown'd the glitt'ring ſand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd for aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When ſcarce the fight was well begun;
Their ſetting wigs he ſaw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the weſt.
Amaz'd he view'd the ſhameful ſight,
And ſaw no refuge but in flight:
But age unweildy check'd his pace,
Tho' fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at ſtake;
No leſs than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his courſe,
Like rider that outgoes his horſe,
And labour'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan ſtruggling on thro' chaos[62]:

Till

Till looking back he ſpied in rear
The ſpade-arm'd chief advanc'd too near.
Then ſtopp'd and ſeiz'd a ſtone that lay,
An antient land-mark near the way;
Nor ſhall we, as old Bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton[63]:
But ſuch a ſtone as at a ſhift
A modern might ſuffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
And giants exiled with their cronies,
To Brobdingnags and Patagonias[64].
But while our hero turn'd him round,
And ſtoop'd to raiſe it from the ground,
The deadly ſpade diſcharg'd a blow
Tremendous on his rear below:
His bent knee fail'd, and void of ſtrength,
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length;
Like antient oak o'erturn'd he lay,
Or tow'rs to tempeſts fall'n a prey,
And more things elſe—but all men know 'em,
If ſlightly vers'd in Epic Poem.

At once the crew, at this ſad criſis,
Fall on and bind him ere he riſes,
And with loud ſhouts and joyful ſoul
Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.

When now the Mob in lucky hour,
Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,
They firſt proceed by wiſe command
To take the conſtable in hand.
Then from the pole's ſublimeſt top
They ſpeeded to let down the rope,
At once its other end in haſte bind,
And make it faſt upon his waiſtband,
Till like the earth, as ſtretch'd on tenter,
He hung ſelf-balanc'd on his center[65].
Then upwards all hands hoiſting ſail,
They ſwung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle ſo fair,
He roſe like meteor in the air.
As Socrates of old at firſt did
To aid philoſophy get hoiſted,
And found his thoughts flow ſtrangely clear,
Swung in a baſket in mid air[66]:

Our

Our culprit thus in purer ſky,
With like advantage rais'd his eye;
And looking forth in proſpect wide
His Tory errors clearly ſpied,
And from his elevated ſtation,
With bawling voice began addreſſing.
"Good gentlemen and friends and kin,
For heav'n's ſake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The King, the Devil and all their works;
And will, ſet me but once at eaſe,
Turn Whig or Chriſtian, what you please;
And always mind your laws as juſtly;
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I'll never join with Britiſh rage,
Nor help Lord North, or Gen'ral Gage,
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your charter'd rights,
Nor overcome your new-rais'd levies,
Deſtroy your towns, nor burn your navies,
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Tho' rais'd more thick than hatchel-teeth [67]:

But

But leave king George and all his elves
To do their conq'ring work themſelves."

This ſaid, they lower'd him down in ſtate,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote firſt on the queſtion,
That they'd accept this full confeſſion,
And to their fellowſhip and favor,
Reſtore him on his good behaviour.

Not ſo, our 'Squire ſubmits to rule,
But ſtood heroic as a mule.
"You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All puniſhments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of juſtice in the ſtocks[68];

Or

Or fail'd to loſe by ſheriff's ſhears
At once his loyalty and ears[69].
Have you made Murray[70] look leſs big,
Or ſmoak'd old Williams to a Whig[71]?
Did our mobb'd Oliver[72] quit his ſtation,
Or heed his vows of reſignation?
Has Rivington, in dread of ſtripes,
Ceas'd lying ſince you ſtole his types[73]?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll ſtand the worſt; for recompence
I truſt King George and Providence.
And when, our conqueſt gain'd, I come,
Array'd in law and terror home,
You'll rue this inauſpicious morn,
And curſe the day you e'er were born,
In Job's high ſtyle of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile beſide the pole, the guard
A Bench of Juſtice had prepar'd,
Where ſitting round in awful ſort,
The grand Committee hold their court[74];

While

While all the crew in ſilent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation,
They hold the ſolemn conſultation,
When ſoon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk declares the dread decree;
" That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown,
The vileſt Tory in the town,
And now on full examination,
Convicted by his own confeſſion,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceed to render ſentence:
That firſt the Mob a ſlip-knot ſingle
Tie round the neck of ſaid M'Fingal;
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then thro' the town attendant ride him,
In cart with Conſtable beſide him,
And having held him up to ſhame,
Bring to the pole from whence he came[15]."

Forthwith the croud proceed to deck
With halter'd nooſe M'Fingal's neck,

While

While he, in peril of his ſoul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the ſmoaking tar:
With leſs profuſion erſt was ſpread
The Jewish oil on royal head[76],
That down his beard and veſtments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (ſo Claudian ſings) the Gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds[77],
The ſtout Enceladus[78] in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The river from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hyde:
So from the high rais'd urn the torrents,
Spread down his ſide their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
Firſt met and drank the ſable ſtream;
Adown his viſage ſtern and grave,
Roll'd and adhered the viſcid wave;

With

With arms depending as he ſtood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From noſe and chin's remoteſt end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erſpread, with colors gay
He glitter'd to the weſtern ray,
Like fleet-bound trees in wintry ſkies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag diſplay'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And ſpreads him o'er with feathers miſſive,
And down upon the tar adheſive:
Not Maia's ſon, with wings for ears[79],
Such plumes around his viſage wears;
Nor Milton's ſix wing'd angel[80] gathers,
Such ſuperfluity of feathers.
Till all compleat appears our 'Squire
Like Gorgon or Chimera dire[81];
Nor more could boaſt on Plato's plan
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature[82].

Then

Then on the two-wheel'd car of ſtate,
They rais'd our grand Duumvirate[83].
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within their city,
With ſolemn rites and ſad proceſſions,
At ev'ry ſhrine perform'd luſtrations;
And leaſt infection ſhould abound
From prodigy with face ſo round,
All Rome attends him thro' the ſtreet,
In triumph to his country-ſeat[84];
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'Squire;
In front the martial muſic comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling ſound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of ruſted wheels;
Behind, the croud in lengthen'd row,
With grave proceſſion cloſed the ſhow;
And at fit periods ev'ry throat
Combined in univerſal ſhout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd, Confuſion to the Tories.

Not

Not louder ſtorm the welkin braves,
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Leſs dire in Lybian wilds the noiſe
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On paſſing votes to reg'late trade[85].

Thus having borne them round the town,
Laſt at the pole they ſet them down,
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the feſtal day.

And now the Mob diſpers'd and gone,
Left 'Squire and Conſtable alone.
The Conſtable in rueful caſe
Lean'd ſad and ſolemn o'er a brace.
And faſt beſide him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainſt the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle[86] on veſſel's ſide.
But tho' his body lack'd phyſician,
His ſpirit was in worſe condition.

He

He found his fears of whips and ropes,
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in goal without mainprize,
View ev'ry thing with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and ſtate,
Seen thro' perſpective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's ſecond-ſight
Beheld all things in diff'rent light;
His viſual nerve, well purg'd with tar,
Saw all the coming ſcenes of war.
As his prophetic ſoul grew ſtronger,
He found he could hold in no longer;
Firſt from the pole, as fierce he ſhook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd ſkirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd,
"Ah, Mr. Conſtable, in vain
We ſtrive 'gainſt wind and tide and rain!
Behold my doom! this feather'd omen
Portends what diſmal times are coming.
Now future ſcenes before my eyes,
And ſecond-ſighted forms ariſe;

I hear

I hear a voice that calls away,
And cries, the Whigs will win the day[87];
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids us fly the fatal land;
Where changing name and conſtitution,
Rebellion turns to revolution[88],
While Loyalty oppreſs'd in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
Go, ſummon all our brethren greeting,
To muſter at our uſual meeting.
There my prophetic voice ſhall warn 'em,
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And ſcenes diſcloſe on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend:
There I—but firſt 'tis more of uſe,
From this vile pole to ſet me looſe;
Then go with cautious ſteps and ſteady,
While I ſteer home and make all ready."

END OF CANTO THIRD.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO FOURTH,

OR

THE VISION.

NOW night came down, and roſe full ſoon
That patroneſs of rogues, the Moon;
Beneath whoſe kind, protecting ray
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
The honeſt world all ſnored in chorus,
While owls, and ghoſts and thieves and Tories,
Whom erſt the mid-day ſun had aw'd,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.
On cautious hinges, ſlow and ſtiller
Wide oped the great M'Fingal's cellar [1],
Where ſhut from prying eyes in cluſter,
The Tory Pandemonium [2] muſter.

Their

Their chiefs all ſitting round deſcried are,
On kegs of ale and ſeats of cyder;
When firſt M'Fingal dimly ſeen
Roſe ſolemn from the turnep-bin[3].
Nor yet his form had wholly loſt
The original brightneſs it could boaſt[4],
Nor leſs appear'd than Juſtice Quorum,
In feather'd majeſty before 'em[5].
Adown his tarſtreak'd viſage, clear
Fell gliſt'ning faſt th' indignant tear,
And thus his voice, in mournful wiſe,
Purſued the prologue of his ſighs.

"Brethren and friends, the glorious band
Of loyalty in rebel land!
It was not thus you've ſeen me ſitting
Return'd in triumph from town-meeting,
When bluſtring Whigs were put to ſtand,
And votes obey'd my guiding hand,
And new commiſſions pleas'd my eyes;
Bleſt days, but ah, no more to riſe!
Alas, againſt my better light
And optics ſure of ſecond-ſight[6],

My

My ſtubborn ſoul in error ſtrong,
Had faith in Hutchinſon[7] too long.
See what brave trophies ſtill we bring
From all our battles for the king;
And yet theſe plagues now paſt before us,
Are but our entring wedge of ſorrows.
I ſee in glooms tempeſtuous ſtand
The cloud impending o'er the land;
That cloud, which ſtill beyond their hopes
Serves all our orators with tropes,
Which tho' from our own vapors fed,
Shall point its thunders on our head!
I ſee the Mob, beflipp'd[8] in taverns,
Hunt us, like wolves, thro' wilds and caverns!
What dungeons riſe t' alarm our fears,
What horſewhips whiſtle round our ears!
Tar yet in embryo in the pine[9]
Shall run, on Tories backs to ſhine;
Trees rooted fair in groves of fallows
Are growing for our future gallows;
And geeſe unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray,
Shall rue the feath'ring of that day[10].

For

For me, before theſe fatal days
I mean to fly th' accurſed place,
And follow omens, which of late
Have warn'd me of impending fate;
Yet paſs'd unnoticed o'er my view,
Till ſad conviction proved them true;
As prophecies of beſt intent,
Are only heeded in th' event.

For late in viſions of the night
The gallows ſtood before my ſight;
I ſaw its ladder heav'd on end;
I ſaw the deadly rope deſcend;
And in its nooſe that wav'ring ſwang,
Friend Malcolm[11] hung, or ſeem'd to hang.
How changed from him, who bold as lyon,
Stood Aid-de-Camp to Governor Tryon,
Made rebels vaniſh once, like witches,
And ſaved his life, but dropp'd his breeches[12].
I ſcarce had made a fearful bow,
And trembling aſk'd him, "How d'ye do."
When lifting up his eyes ſo wide,
His eyes alone, his hands were tied;

With

With feeble voice, as ſpirits uſe,
Now almoſt choak'd with gripe of nooſe;
" Ah [13] fly, my friend, he cried, eſcape,
And keep yourſelf from this ſad ſcrape;
Enough you've talk'd and writ and plann'd;
The Whigs have got the upper hand.
Dame Fortune's wheel has turn'd ſo ſhort,
It plung'd us fairly in the dirt;
Could mortal arm our fears have ended,
This arm (and shook it) had defended.
But longer now 'tis vain to ſtay;
See ev'n the Reg'lars run away:
Wait not till things grow deſperater,
For hanging is no laughing matter:
This might your grandſires' fortunes tell you on
Who both were hang'd the laſt rebellion [14];
Adventure then no longer ſtay,
But call your friends and run away.
For lo, thro' deepeſt glooms of night
I come to aid thy ſecond-ſight,
Diſcloſe the plagues that round us wait
And wake the dark decrees of fate.

Aſcend

Aſcend this ladder whence unfurl'd
The curtain opes of t'other world,
For here new worlds their ſcenes unfold,
Seen from this backdoor of the old [15].
As when Æneas [16] riſqued his life,
Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife [17],
And bore in ſhow his mortal carcaſe,
Thro' realms of Erebus and Orcus [18],
Then in the happy fields Elyſian,
Saw all his embryon ſons in viſion:
As ſhown by great archangel, Michael,
Old Adam ſaw the world's whole ſequel,
And from the mount's extended ſpace,
The riſing fortunes of his race [19];
So from this ſtage ſhalt thou behold,
The war its coming ſcenes unfold,
Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye;
My Adam, thou, thine Angel, I.
But firſt my pow'r for viſions bright,
Muſt cleanſe from clouds thy mental ſight,
Remove the dim ſuffuſions ſpread,
Which bribes and ſal'ries there have bred;

And

And from the well of Bute infuſe,
Three genuine drops of Highland dews,
To purge, like euphraſy and rue[20],
Thine eyes, for much thou haſt to view.

Now freed from Tory darkneſs raiſe
Thy head and ſpy the coming days;
For lo before our ſecond-ſight,
The Continent aſcends in light;
From north to ſouth what gath'ring ſwarms,
Increaſe the pride of rebel arms!
Thro' ev'ry State our legions brave,
Speed gallant marches to the grave,
Of battling Whigs the frequent prize,
While rebel trophies ſtain the ſkies[21].
Behold o'er northern realms afar,
Extend the kindling flames of war!
See fam'd St. John's and Montreal,
Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall[22]!
Where Hudſon with majeſtic ſway,
Thro' hills diſparted plows his way;
Fate ſpreads on Bemus' Heights alarms,
And pours deſtruction on our arms[23];

There

There Bennington's enſanguin'd plain[24],
And Stony-Point, the prize of Wayne[25].
Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,
Where morning dawns on Trenton's ſhore,
While Heſſians ſpread their Chriſtmas feaſts,
Ruſh rude theſe uninvited gueſts;
Nor aught avail, to Whigs a prize,
Their martial whiſkers' griſly ſize[26].
On Princeton plains our heroes yield,
And ſpread in flight the vanquiſh'd field,
While fear to Mawhood's heels puts on
Wings, wide as worn by Maia's ſon[27].
Behold the Pennſylvanian ſhore,
Enrich'd with ſtreams of Britiſh gore[28];
Where many a vet'ran chief in bed
Of honor reſts his ſlumbring head,
And in ſoft vales in land of foes,
Their wearied virtue finds repoſe[29].
See plund'ring Dunmore's negro band
Fly headlong from Virginia's ſtrand[30];
And far on ſouthern hills our couſins,
The Scotch M'Donalds fall by dozens[31];

Or

Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,
Our ruin'd bands in triumph led[32]!
Behold o'er Tarlton's bluſt'ring train,
The Rebels ſtretch the captive chain[33]!
Afar near Eutaw's fatal ſprings
Deſcending Vict'ry ſpreads her wings[34]!
Thro' all the land in various chace,
We hunt the rainbow of ſucceſs;
In vain! their Chief ſuperior ſtill
Eludes our force with Fabian ſkill[35],
Or ſwift deſcending by ſurprize,
Like Pruſſia's eagle ſweeps the prize."

I look'd, nor yet, oppreſt with fears,
Gave credit to my eyes or ears,
But held the views an empty dream,
On Berkley's immaterial ſcheme[36];
And pondring ſad with troubled breaſt
At length my riſing doubts expreſs'd.
" Ah whither, thus by rebels ſmitten,
Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain[37],
Or fail'd its uſual guard to keep,
Gone truanting or fall'n aſleep;

As

As Baal his prophets left confounded,
And bawling vot'ries gash'd and wounded [38]?
Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elysian,
Great Mars leave with her his commission,
And Neptune erst in treaty free,
Give up dominion o'er the sea [39]?
Else where's the faith of famed orations [40],
Address, debate and proclamations,
Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,
And ballads on the watry God [41];
With whose high strains great George enriches
His eloquence of gracious speeches [42]?
Not faithful to our Highland eyes,
These deadly forms of vision rise;
But sure some Whig-inspiring sprite
Now palms delusion on our sight.
I'd scarcely trust a tale so vain,
Should revelation prompt the strain,
Or Ossian's ghost the scenes rehearse,
In all the melody of Erse." [43]

"Too long, quoth Malcolm, with confusion
You've dwelt already in delusion,

As

As Sceptics, of all fools the chief,
Hold faith in creeds of unbelief.
I come to draw thy veil aſide
Of error, prejudice and pride.
Fools love deception, but the wiſe
Prefer ſad truths to pleaſing lies.
For know thoſe hopes can ne'er ſucceed
That truſt on Britain's breaking reed.
For weak'ning long from bad to worſe
By fatal atrophy of purſe,
She feels at length with trembling heart,
Her foes have found her mortal part.
As famed Achilles, dipped by Thetis
In Styx, as ſung in antient ditties,
Grew all caſeharden'd o'er like ſteel,
Invulnerable, ſave his heel[44],
And laugh'd at ſwords and ſpears, as ſquibs,
And all diſeaſes, but the kibes[45];
Yet met at laſt his fatal wound,
By Paris' arrow nail'd to ground[46]:
So Britain's boaſted ſtrength deſerts,
In theſe her empire's utmoſt ſkirts,

Rem

Remov'd beyond her fierce impreſſions,
And atmoſphere of omnipreſence;
Nor to theſe ſhores remoter ends,
Her dwarf omnipotence extends:
Whence in this turn of things ſo ſtrange,
'Tis time our principles to change.
For vain that boaſted faith, which gathers
No perquiſite, but tar and feathers,
No pay, but Whig's inſulting malice,
And no promotion, but the gallows.
I've long enough ſtood firm and ſteady,
Half hang'd for loyalty already:
And could I ſave my neck and pelf
I'd turn a flaming Whig myſelf,
And quit this cauſe and courſe and calling,
Like rats that fly from houſe that's falling.
But ſince, obnoxious here to fate,
This ſaving wiſdom comes too late,
Our nobleſt hopes already croſt,
Our ſal'ries gone, our titles loſt,
Doom'd to worſe ſuff'rings from the mob
Than Satan's ſurg'ries uſed on Job[47];

What

What more remains but now with ſleight,
What's left of us to ſave by flight?

Now raiſe thine eyes for viſions true
Again aſcending wait thy view."
I look'd and clad in early light,
The ſpires of Boſton roſe to ſight;
The morn o'er eaſtern hills afar,
Illum'd the varying ſcenes of war.
Great Howe had long ſince in the lap
Of Loring taken out his nap,
And with the ſun's aſcending ray,
The cuckold came to take his pay[48].
When all th' encircling hills around,
With inſtantaneous breaſtworks crown'd,
With pointed thunders met his ſight,
By magic rear'd the former night.
Each ſummit, far as eye commands,
Shone peopled with rebellious bands[49].
Aloft their tow'ring heroes riſe,
As Titans erſt aſſail'd the ſkies[50],
Leagued with ſuperior force to prove,
The ſcepter'd hand of Britiſh Jove.

Mounds

Mounds piled on hills aſcended fair
With batt'ries placed in middle air,
That rais'd like angry clouds on high
Seem'd like th' artill'ry of the ſky,
And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,
In thunder on the trembling plain.
I ſaw along the proſtrate ſtrand,
Our baffled Gen'rals quit the land,
And ſwift as frighted mermaids flee,
T' our boaſted element, the ſea [51]!
Reſign that long conteſted ſhore,
Again the prize of rebel-power,
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,
Like convict Jews condemn'd to die [52].

Then tow'rd the north, I turn'd my eyes,
Where Saratoga's heights ariſe,
And ſaw our choſen vet'ran band,
Deſcend in terror o'er the land [53];
T' oppoſe this fury of alarms,
Saw all New-England wake to arms,
And ev'ry Yanky full of mettle,
Swarm forth, like bees at ſound of kettle [54].

Not

Not Rome, when Tarquin raped Lucretia[55],
Saw wilder muſt'ring of militia.
Thro' all the woods and plains of fight,
What mortal battles fill'd my ſight,
While Britiſh corſes ſtrew'd the ſhore,
And Hudſon ting'd his ſtreams with gore!
What tongue can tell the diſmal day,
Or paint the party-color'd fray;
When yeomen left their fields afar,
To plow the crimſon plains of war;
When zeal to ſwords transformed their ſhares,
And turn'd their pruning-hooks to ſpears,
Chang'd tailor's geeſe to guns and ball,
And ſtretch'd to pikes the cobler's awl[56];
While hunters fierce like mighty Nimrod,
Made on our troops a daring inroad;
And levelling ſquint on barrel round,
Brought our beau-officers to ground[57];
While rifle-frocks ſent Gen'rals cap'ring,
And redcoats ſhrunk from leathern apron,
And epaulette and gorget run
From whinyard brown and ruſty gun:

While

While ſunburnt wigs in high command,
Ruſh furious on our frighted band,
And antient beards and hoary hair,
Like meteors ſtream in troubled air[58].
With locks unſhorn not Samſon more
Made uſeleſs all the ſhow of war,
Nor fought with aſſes' jaw for rarity,
With more ſucceſs or ſingularity[59].
I ſaw our vet'ran thouſands yield
And pile their muſkets on the field,
And peaſant guards in rueful plight
March off our captured bands from fight;
While ev'ry rebel-fife in play,
To Yanky-doodle tun'd its lay,
And like the muſic of the ſpheres,
Mellifluous ſooth'd their vanquiſh'd ears[60].

"Alas, ſaid I, what baleful ſtar,
Sheds fatal influence on the war,
And who that choſen Chief of fame,
That heads this grand parade of ſhame?"

"There ſee how fate, great Malcolm cried,
Strikes with its bolts the tow'rs of pride.

Behold

Behold that martial Macaroni[61],
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona[62],
With warlike ſword and ſingſong lay,
Equipp'd alike for feaſt or fray,
Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the famed Burgoyne[63]:
Who pawn'd his honor and commiſſion,
To coax the Patriots to ſubmiſſion,
By ſongs and balls ſecure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance[64].
Oft his camp muſes he'll parade,
At Boſton in the grand blockade,
And well invoked with punch of arrack,
Hold converſe ſweet in tent or barrack,
Inſpired in more heroic faſhion,
Both by his theme and ſituation;
While farce and proclamation grand,
Riſe fair beneath his plaſtic hand[65].
For genius ſwells more ſtrong and clear
When cloſe confin'd, like bottled beer:
So Prior's wit gain'd greater pow'r,
By inſpiration of the tow'r[66];

And Raleigh faſt in priſon hurl'd
Wrote all the hiſt'ry of the world[67]:
So Wilkes grew, while in goal he lay,
More patriotic ev'ry day,
But found his zeal, when not confin'd,
Soon ſink below the freezing point,
And public ſpirit once ſo fair,
Evaporate in open air[68].
But thou, great favorite of Venus,
By no ſuch luck ſhalt cramp thy genius;
Thy friendly ſtars till wars ſhall ceaſe,
Shall ward th' illfortune of releaſe,
And hold thee faſt in bonds not feeble,
In good condition ſtill to ſcribble.
Such merit fate ſhall ſhield from firing,
Bomb, carcaſe, langridge and cold iron,
Nor truſts thy doubly laurell'd head,
To rude aſſaults of flying lead.
Hence in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Nor taken oft, releas'd or reſcued,
Paſs for ſmall change, like ſimple Preſcott[69];

But captured there, as fates befall,
Shalt ſtand thy hand for't, once for all.
Then raiſe thy daring thoughts ſublime,
And dip thy conq'ring pen in rhyme,
And changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks." [10]

This ſaid, he turn'd, and ſaw the tale,
Had dyed my trembling cheeks with pale;
Then pitying in a milder vein
Purſued the viſionary ſtrain.

"Too much perhaps hath pain'd your views
Of vict'ries gain'd by rebel crews;
Now ſee the deeds not ſmall or ſcanty,
Of Britiſh Valor and Humanity;
And learn from this auſpicious fight,
How England's ſons and friends can fight;
In what dread ſcenes their courage grows,
And how they conquer all their foes."

I look'd and ſaw in wintry ſkies
Our ſpacious prison-walls ariſe,

Where

Where Britons all their captives taming,
Plied them with ſcourging, cold and famine;
Reduced to life's concluding ſtages,
By noxious food and plagues contagious.
Aloft the mighty Loring ſtood,
And thrived, like Vampyre, on their blood,
And counting all his gains ariſing,
Dealt daily rations out of poiſon.
Amid the dead that croud the ſcene,
The moving ſkeletons were ſeen [71].
At hand our troops in vaunting ſtrains,
Inſulted all their wants and pains,
And turn'd on all the dying tribe,
The bitter taunt and ſcornful gibe:
And Britiſh officers of might,
Triumphant at the joyful ſight,
O'er foes diſarm'd with courage daring,
Exhauſted all their tropes of ſwearing.
Around all ſtain'd with rebel blood,
Like Milton's lazar houſe it ſtood [72],
Where grim Deſpair attended nurſe,
And Death was Gov'rnor of the houſe.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd I cried, "Is this the way,
That Britiſh Valour wins the day?"
More had I ſaid, in ſtrains unwelcome,
Till interrupted thus by Malcolm:
"Blame not, quoth he, but learn the reaſon
Of this new mode of conq'ring treaſon.
'Tis but a wiſe, politic plan,
To root out all the rebel-clan;
(For ſurely treaſon ne'er can thrive,
Where not a ſoul is left alive:)
A ſcheme, all other chiefs to ſurpaſs,
And to do th' effectual work to purpoſe.
For war itſelf is nothing further,
But th' art and myſtery of murther[13],
And who moſt methods has eſſay'd,
Is the beſt Gen'ral of the trade,
And ſtands Death's Plenipotentiary,
To conquer, poiſon, ſtarve and bury.
This Howe well knew, and thus began,
(Deſpiſing Carlton's coaxing plan,
Who kept his pris'ners well and merry,
And dealt them food like Commiſſary,

And

And by paroles and ranſoms vain,
Diſmiſs'd them all to fight again:)[74]
Whence his firſt captives with great ſpirit,
He tied up for his troops to fire at[75],
And hoped they'd learn on foes thus taken,
To aim at rebels without ſhaking.
Then wiſe in ſtratagem he plann'd
The ſure deſtruction of the land,
Turn'd famine, ſickneſs and deſpair,
To uſeful enginry of war,
Inſtead of cannon, muſket, mortar,
Uſed peſtilence and death and torture,
Sent forth the ſmall pox and the greater[76],
To thin the land of ev'ry traitor,
And order'd out with like endeavour,
Detachments of the priſon-fever[77];
Spread deſolation o'er their head,
And plagues in Providence's ſtead,
Perform'd with equal ſkill and beauty,
Th' avenging angel's tour of duty,
Brought all the elements to join,
And ſtars t' aſſiſt the great deſign,

As once in league with Kiſhon's brook,
Famed Iſrael's foes they fought and took[78].
Then proud to raiſe a glorious name,
And em'lous of his country's fame,
He bade theſe prison-walls ariſe,
Like temple tow'ring to the ſkies,
Where Britiſh Clemency renown'd,
Might fix her ſeat on ſacred ground;
(That Virtue, as each herald ſaith,
Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith)[79]
Where all her Godlike pow'rs unveiling,
She finds a grateful ſhrine to dwell in.
Then at this altar for her honor,
Choſe this Highprieſt to wait upon her,
Who with juſt rites, in antient guiſes,
Preſents theſe human ſacrifices;
Great Loring, famed above laymen,
A proper Prieſt for Lybian Ammon,
Who, while Howe's gift his brows adorns,
Had match'd that deity in horns[80].
Here ev'ry day her vot'ries tell
She more devours than th' idol Bel[81];

And thirſts more rav'nouſly for gore,
Than any worſhipp'd Pow'r before.
That antient Heathen Godhead, Moloch,
Oft ſtay'd his ſtomach with a bullock,
Or if his morning rage you'd check firſt,
One child ſufficed him for a breakfaſt[82];
But Britiſh Clemency with zeal
Devours her hundreds at a meal,
Right well by Nat'raliſts defined,
A Being of carniv'rous kind.
So erſt Gargantua pleas'd his palate,
And eat his pilgrims up for ſallad[83].
Not bleſt with maw leſs ceremonious,
The wide-mouth'd whale that ſwallow'd Jonas[84];
Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,
That open ſepulchre, her throat;
The grave, or barren womb you'd ſtuff,
And ſooner bring to cry, enough;
Or fatten up to fair condition,
The leanfleſh'd kine of Pharaoh's viſion[85].

Behold her temple where it ſtands
Erect by famed Britannic hands;

'Tis

'Tis the blackhole of Indian ſtructure,
New-built with Engliſh architecture,
On plan, 'tis ſaid, contrived and wrote,
By Clive, before he cut his throat[86];
Who ere he took himſelf in hand,
Was her Highprieſt in Nabob-land[87]:
And when with conq'ring glory crown'd,
He'd well enſlav'd the nation round,
With pitying heart the gen'rous chief,
(Since ſlav'ry's worſe than loſs of life)
Bade deſolation circle far,
And famine end the work of war;
Thus looſed their chains and for their merits,
Diſmiſs'd them free to worlds of ſpirits:
Whence they with gratitude and praiſe,
Return'd to attend his latter days,
And hov'ring round his reſtleſs bed,
Spread nightly viſions o'er his head[88].

"Now turn, he cried, to nobler ſights,
And mark the proweſs of our fights:
Behold like whelps of Britiſh Lyon,
The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan and Tryon[89],

March

March forth with patriotic joy,
To raviſh, plunder, burn, deſtroy.
Great Gen'rals foremoſt in the nation,
The journeymen of Deſolation!
Like Samſon's foxes each aſſails,
Let looſe with firebrands in their tails,
And ſpreads destruction more forlorn,
Than they did in Philiſtine corn[90].
And ſee in flames their triumphs riſe,
Illuming all the nether ſkies,
And ſtreaming, like a new Aurora,
The weſtern hemiſphere with glory!
What towns in aſhes laid confeſs
Theſe heroes' proweſs and ſucceſs!
What blacken'd walls, or burning fane,
For trophies ſpread the ruin'd plain!
What females caught in evil hour,
By force ſubmit to Britiſh power,
Or plunder'd Negroes in diſaſter
Confeſs king George their lord and maſter!
What crimſon corſes ſtrew their way
Till ſmoaking carnage dims the day!

Along

Along the ſhore for ſure reduction
They wield their beſom of deſtruction.
Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,
To dogſtar bright the fierce Achilles;
But ne'er beheld in red proceſſion,
Three dogſtars riſe in conſtellation;
Or ſaw in glooms of ev'ning miſty,
Such ſigns of fiery triplicity,
Which far beyond the comet's tail,
Portend deſtruction where they ſail[91].
Oh had Great-Britain's godlike ſhore,
Produced but ten ſuch heroes more,
They'd ſpared the pains and held the ſtation,
Of this world's final conflagration,
Which when its time comes, at a ſtand,
Would find its work all done t' its hand!

Yet tho' gay hopes our eyes may bleſs;
Indignant fate forbids ſucceſs;
Like morning dreams our conqueſt flies,
Diſperſ'd before the dawn ariſe."

Here

Here Malcolm paus'd; when pond'ring long,
Grief thus gave utt'rance to my tongue.
"Where ſhrink in fear our friends diſmay'd,
And all the Tories' promis'd aid,
Can none amid theſe fierce alarms,
Aſſiſt the pow'r of royal arms?"
"In vain, he cried, our king depends,
On promis'd aid of Tory-friends [92].
When our own efforts want ſucceſs,
Friends ever fail as fears increaſe.
As leaves in blooming verdure wove,
In warmth of ſummer cloath the grove,
But when autumnal froſts ariſe,
Leave bare their trunks to wintry ſkies;
So while your pow'r can aid their ends,
You ne'er can need ten thouſand friends,
But once in want by foes diſmay'd,
May advertiſe them ſtol'n or ſtray'd.
Thus ere Great-Britain's ſtrength grew ſlack,
She gain'd that aid, ſhe did not lack,
But now in dread, imploring pity,
All hear unmov'd her dol'rous ditty;

Allegiance

Allegiance wand'ring turns aſtray,
And Faith grows dim for lack of pay
In vain ſhe tries by new inventions,
Fear, falſhood, flatt'ry, threats and penſions,
Or ſends Commiſs'ners with credentials
Of promiſes and penitentials[93].
As for his fare o'er Styx of old,
The Trojan ſtole the bough of gold,
And leaſt grim Cerberus ſhould make head,
Stuff'd both his fobs with gingerbread[94];
Behold at Britain's utmoſt ſhifts,
Comes Johnſtone loaded with like gifts,
To venture thro' the Whiggiſh tribe,
To cuddle, wheedle, coax and bribe[95],
Enter their lands and on his journey,
Poſſeſſion take, as King's Attorney,
Buy all the vaſſals to protect him,
And bribe the tenants not t' eject him;
And call to aid his deſp'rate miſſion,
His petticoated politician,
While Venus join'd t' aſſiſt the farce,
Strolls forth Embaſſadreſs for Mars[96].

In

In vain he ſtrives, for while he lingers,
Theſe maſtiffs bite his off'ring fingers;
Nor buys for George and realms infernal,
One ſpaniel, but the mongrel Arnold[97].

"'Twere vain to paint in viſion'd ſhow,
The mighty nothings done by Howe;
What towns he takes in mortal fray,
As ſtations, whence to run away;
What conqueſts gain'd in battles warm,
To us no aid, to them no harm;
For ſtill the event alike is fatal,
What'er ſucceſs attend the battle,
If he gain victory, or loſe it,
Who ne'er had ſkill enough to uſe it[98];
And better 'twere at their expence,
T' have drubb'd him into common ſenſe,
And wak'd by baſtings on his rear,
Th' activity, tho' but of fear.
By ſlow advance his arms prevail,
Like emblematic march of ſnail;
That be Millennium nigh or far,
'Twould long before him end the war.

From

From York to Philadelphian ground,
He ſweeps the mighty flouriſh round,
Wheel'd circ'lar by excentric ſtars,
Like racing boys at priſon-bars,
Who take the adverſe crew in whole,
By running round the opp'ſite goal;
Works wide the traverſe of his courſe,
Like ſhip in ſtorms' oppoſing force,
Like millhorſe circling in his race,
Advances not a ſingle pace,
And leaves no trophies of reduction,
Save that of cankerworms, deſtruction.
Thus having long both countries curſt,
He quits them, as he found them firſt,
Steers home diſgraced, of little worth,
To join Burgoyne and rail at North [99].

Now raiſe thine eyes, and view with pleaſure,
The triumphs of his famed ſucceſſor." [100]
I look'd, and now by magic lore,
Faint roſe to view the Jerſey ſhore;
But dimly ſeen, in glooms array'd,
For Night had pour'd her ſable ſhade,

And

And ev'ry ſtar, with glimm'rings pale,
Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil:
Scarce viſible in duſky night,
Advancing redcoats roſe to fight;
The lengthen'd train in gleaming rows
Stole ſilent from their ſlumb'ring foes,
Slow moved the baggage and the train,
Like ſnail crept noiſeleſs o'er the plain;
No trembling ſoldier dared to ſpeak,
And not a wheel preſum'd to creak [101].
My looks my new ſurprize confeſs'd
Till by great Malcolm thus addreſs'd:"
" Spend not thy wits in vain reſearches;
'Tis one of Clinton's moonlight marches.
From Philadelphia now retreating,
To ſave his anxious troops a beating,
With haſty ſtride he flies in vain,
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain:
With various chance the mortal fray
Is lengthen'd to the cloſe of day,
When his tired bands o'ermatch'd in fight,
Are reſcued by deſcending night [102];

He forms his camp with vain parade,
Till ev'ning ſpreads the world with ſhade,
Then ſtill, like ſome endanger'd ſpark,
Steals off on tiptoe in the dark;
Yet writes his king in boaſting tone,
How grand he march'd by light of moon [103].
I ſee him; but thou canſt not; proud
He leads in front the trembling croud,
And wiſely knows, if danger's near,
'Twill fall the heavieſt on his rear [104].
Go on, great Gen'ral, nor regard
The ſcoffs of ev'ry ſcribling Bard,
Who ſing how Gods that fatal night
Aided by miracles your flight,
As once they uſed, in Homer's day,
To help weak heroes run away;
Tell how the hours at awful trial,
Went back, as erſt on Ahaz' dial,
While Britiſh Joſhua ſtay'd the moon,
On Monmouth plains for Ajalon:
Heed not their ſneers and gibes ſo arch,
Becauſe ſhe ſet before your march [105].

A ſmall

A ſmall miſtake, your meaning right,
You take her influence for her light;
Her influence, which ſhall be your guide,
And o'er your Gen'ralſhip preſide.
Hence ſtill ſhall teem your empty ſkull,
With vict'ries when the moon's at full,
Which by tranſition yet more ſtrange,
Wane to defeats before the change;
Hence all your movements, all your notions
Shall ſteer by like excentric motions,
Eclips'd in many a fatal criſis,
And dimm'd when Waſhington ariſes.
And ſee how Fate, herſelf turn'd traitor,
Inverts the antient courſe of nature,
And changes manners, tempers, climes,
To ſuit the genius of the times.
See Bourbon forms his gen'rous plan,
Firſt guardian of the rights of man,
And prompt in firm alliance joins,
To aid the Rebels proud deſigns [108].
Behold from realms of eaſtern day,
His ſails innum'rous ſhape their way.

In

In warlike line the billows ſweep,
And roll the thunders of the deep [107].
See low in equinoctial ſkies,
The Weſtern Iſlands fall their prize [108],
See Britiſh flags o'ermatch'd in might,
Put all their faith in inſtant flight,
Or broken ſquadrons from th' affray,
Drag ſlow their wounded hulks away.
Behold his chiefs in daring ſetts,
D'Eſtaings [109], De Graſſes [110] and Fayettes [111],
Spread thro' our camps their dread alarms,
And ſwell the fears of rebel-arms.
Yet ere our empire ſink in night,
One gleam of hope ſhall ſtrike the ſight;
As lamps that fail of oil and fire,
Collect one glimmering to expire.
And lo where ſouthern ſhores extend,
Behold our union'd hoſts deſcend,
Where Charleſtown views with varying beams,
Her turrets gild th' encircling ſtreams.
There by ſuperior might compell'd,
Behold their gallant Lincoln yield,

Nor

Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,
Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow [112].
See furious from the vanquiſh'd ſtrand,
Cornwallis leads his mighty band!
The ſouthern realms and Georgian ſhore
Submit and own the victor's pow'r,
Lo, ſunk before his waſting way,
The Carolinas fall his prey [113]!
In vain embattled hoſts of foes
Eſſay in warring ſtrife t' oppoſe.
See ſhrinking from his conq'ring eye,
The rebel legions fall or fly [114];
And with'ring in theſe torrid ſkies,
The northern laurel fades and dies [115].
With rapid force he leads his band
To fair Virginia's fated ſtrand,
Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,
And boaſts the ſouthern realms his own [116],
Nor yet this hero's glories bright
Blaze only in the fields of fight;
Not Howe's humanity more deſerving,
In gifts of hanging and of ſtarving;

Not

Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,
Or ſteals more Negroes for Jamaica [117];
Scarce Rodney's ſelf among th' Euſtatians,
Inſults ſo well the laws of nations [118];
Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and mourning,
He yields the laurel crown of burning [119].
I ſee with rapture and ſurprize,
New triumphs ſparkling in thine eyes.
But view where now renew'd in might,
Again the rebels dare the fight."

I look'd and far in ſouthern ſkies,
Saw Greene, their ſecond hope, ariſe,
And with his ſmall but gallant band,
Invade the Carolinian land [120].
As winds in ſtormy circles whirl'd
Ruſh billowing o'er the darken'd world,
And where their waſting fury roves,
Succeſſive ſweep th' aſtoniſh'd groves;
Thus where he pours the rapid fight,
Our boaſted conqueſts ſink in night,
And wide o'er all th' extended field,
Our forts reſign, our armies yield,

Till now regain'd the vanquiſh'd land,
He lifts his ſtandard on the ſtrand [121].

Again to fair Virginia's coaſt,
I turn'd and view'd the Britiſh hoſt.
Where Cheſapeak's wide waters lave
Her ſhores and join th' Atlantic wave,
There ſam'd Cornwallis tow'ring roſe,
And ſcorn'd ſecure his diſtant foes;
His bands the haughty rampart raiſe,
And bid th' imperial ſtandard blaze [122].
When lo, where ocean's bounds extend,
I ſaw the Gallic ſails aſcend,
With fav'ring breezes ſtem their way,
And croud with ſhips the ſpacious bay [123].
Lo Waſhington from northern ſhores,
O'er many a region, wheels his force,
And Rochambeau with legions bright,
Deſcends in terrors to the fight [124].
Not ſwifter cleaves his rapid way,
The eagle cow'ring o'er his prey,
Or knights in fam'd romance that fly
On fairy pinions thro' the ſky.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd the Briton's ſtartled pride,
Sees ruin wake on ev'ry ſide;
And all his troops to fate conſign'd,
By inſtantaneous ſtroke Burgoyn'd [125].
Not Cadmus view'd with more ſurprize,
From earth embattled armies riſe,
When by ſuperior pow'r impell'd,
He ſow'd with dragon's teeth the field [126].
Here Gallic troops in terror ſtand,
There ruſh in arms the Rebel band;
Nor hope remains from mortal fight,
Or that laſt Britiſh refuge, flight [127].
I ſaw with looks downcaſt and grave,
The Chief emerging from his cave [128],
(Where chaced like hare in mighty round,
His hunters earth'd him firſt in ground)
And doom'd by fate to rebel ſway,
Yield all his captur'd hoſts a prey [129].

There while I view'd the vanquiſh'd town,
Thus with a ſigh my friend went on:
"Beholdſt thou not that band forlorn,
Like ſlaves in Roman triumphs borne [130];

Their faces length'ning with their fears,
And cheeks diſtain'd with ſtreams of tears,
Like dramatis perſonæ ſage,
Equipt to act on Tyburn's ſtage.
Lo theſe are they, who lur'd by follies,
Left all and follow'd great Cornwallis;
True to their King, with firm devotion,
For conſcience ſake and hop'd promotion,
Expectant of the promis'd glories,
And new Millennial ſtate of Tories.
Alas, in vain, all doubts forgetting,
They tried th' omnipotence of Britain;
But found her arm, once ſtrong and brave,
So ſhorten'd now ſhe cannot ſave.
Not more aghaſt departed ſouls,
Who riſk'd their fate on Popiſh bulls [131],
And find St. Peter at the wicket
Refuſe to counterſign their ticket,
When driv'n to purgatory back,
With all their pardons in their pack:
Than Tories muſt'ring at their ſtations
On faith of royal proclamations [132].

As Pagan Chiefs at ev'ry criſis,
Confirm'd their leagues by ſacrifices,
And herds of beaſts to all their deities,
Oblations fell at cloſe of treaties:
Cornwallis thus in antient faſhion,
Concludes his league of cap'tulation,
And victims due to Rebel-glories,
Gives this an off'ring up of Tories.
See where reliev'd from ſad embargo,
Steer off conſign'd a recreant cargo,
Like old ſcapegoats to roam in pain,
Mark'd like their great forerunner, Cain [188].
The reſt, now doom'd by Britiſh leagues,
To juſtice of reſentful Whigs,
Hold worthleſs lives on tenure ill,
Of tenancy at Rebel-will,
While hov'ring o'er their forfeit perſons,
The gallows waits his ſure reverſions.

Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day,
Shalt taſte the terrors of th' affray.
See o'er thee hangs in angry ſkies,
Where Whiggiſh conſtellations riſe,

And

And while plebeian ſigns aſcend,
Their mob-inſpiring aſpects bend;
That baleful Star, whoſe horrid hair [134]
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar!
I ſee the pole, that rears on high
Its flag terrific thro' the ſky;
The Mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,
And tar predeſtin'd for thy back!
Ah quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,
Nor wait the darker ſcenes to come;
For know that Fate's auſpicious door,
Once ſhut to flight is oped no more,
Nor wears its hinge by various ſtations,
Like Mercy's door in proclamations [135].

But leſt thou pauſe, or doubt to fly,
To ſtranger viſions turn thine eye:
Each cloud that dimm'd thy mental ray,
And all the mortal miſts decay;
See more than human Pow'rs befriend,
And lo their hoſtile forms aſcend!
See tow'ring o'er th' extended ſtrand,
The Genius of the weſtern land,

In

In vengeance arm'd, his ſword aſſumes,
And ſtands, like Tories, dreſt in plumes [136].
See o'er yon Council ſeat with pride,
How Freedom ſpreads her banners wide [137]!
There Patriotiſm with torch addreſs'd,
To fire with zeal each daring breaſt!
While all the Virtues in their band,
Eſcape from yon unfriendly land,
Deſert their antient Britiſh ſtation,
Poſſeſt with rage of emigration.
Honor, his buſineſs at a ſtand,
For fear of ſtarving quits their land;
And Juſtice, long diſgraced at Court, had
By Mansfield's ſentence been tranſported [138].
Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,
Tho' Britain wiſh their longer ſtay,
Care not what George or North [139] would be at,
Nor heed their writs of ne exeat [140];
But fired with love of colonizing,
Quit the fall'n empire for the riſing."

I look'd and ſaw with horror ſmitten,
Theſe hoſtile pow'rs averſe to Britain.

Wh

When lo, an awful ſpectre roſe[141],
With languid paleneſs on his brows;
Wan dropſies ſwell'd his form beneath,
And iced his bloated cheeks with death;
His tatter'd robes expoſed him bare,
To ev'ry blaſt of ruder air;
On two weak crutches propt he ſtood,
That bent at ev'ry ſtep he trod,
Gilt titles graced their ſides ſo ſlender,
One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender[142];"
His breaſtplate grav'd with various dates,
"The faith of all th' United States[143]:"
Before him went his fun'ral pall,
His grave ſtood dug to wait his fall.
I ſtarted, and aghaſt I cried,
"What means this ſpectre at their ſide?
What danger from a Pow'r ſo vain,
And why he joins that ſplendid train?"
"Alas, great Malcolm cried, experience
Might teach you not to truſt appearance.
Here ſtands, as dreſt by fierce Bellona[144],
The ghoſt of Continental Money[145],

Of

Of dame Neceſſity deſcended,
With whom Credulity engender'd.
Tho' born with conſtitution frail,
And feebie ſtrength that ſoon muſt fail;
Yet ſtrangely vers'd in magic lore,
And gifted with transforming pow'r.
His ſkill the wealth Peruvian joins
With diamonds of Brazilian mines [146].
As erſt Jove fell by ſubtle wiles
On Danae's apron thro' the tiles,
In ſhow'rs of gold; [147] his potent hand
Shall ſhed like ſhow'rs thro' all the land.
Leſs great the magic art was reckon'd,
Of tallies caſt by Charles the ſecond,
Or Law's famed Miſſiſſipi ſchemes [148],
Or all the wealth of Southſea dreams [149].
For he of all the world alone
Owns the long-ſought Philoſ'pher's ſtone [150],
Reſtores the fab'lous times to view,
And proves the tale of Midas true [151].
O'er heaps of rags, he waves his wand,
All turn to gold at his command,

Provide

Provide for preſent wants and future.
Raiſe armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,
Adjourn our conqueſts by eſſoign,
Check Howe's advance and take Burgoyne,
Then makes all days of payment vain,
And turns all back to rags again [152].
In vain great Howe ſhall play his part,
To ape and counterfeit his art:
In vain ſhall Clinton, more belated,
A conj'rer turn to imitate it [153];
With like ill luck and pow'r as narrow,
They'll fare, like for'cers of old Pharaoh,
Who tho' the art they underſtood
Of turning rivers into blood,
And caus'd their frogs and ſnakes t' exiſt,
That with ſome merit croak'd and hiſs'd,
Yet ne'er by ev'ry quaint device,
Could frame the true Moſaic lice [154].
He for the Whigs his arts ſhall try,
Their firſt, and long their ſole ally;
A patriot firm, while breath he draws,
He'll periſh in his country's cauſe;

And

And when his magic labours ceaſe,
Lie buried in eternal peace.

Now view the ſcenes in future hours,
That wait the famed European Pow'rs.
See where yon chalky cliffs ariſe,
The hills of Britain ſtrike your eyes[155]:
Its ſmall extenſion long ſupplied,
By vaſt immenſity of pride;
So ſmall that had it found a ſtation
In this new world at firſt creation,
Or were by Juſtice doom'd to ſuffer,
And for its crimes tranſported over[156]
We'd find full room for't in lake Eri, or
That larger waterpond, Superior,
Where North on margin taking ſtand,
Would not be able to ſpy land[157].
No more, elate with pow'r, at eaſe
She deals her inſults round the ſeas;
See dwindling from her height amain,
What piles of ruin ſpread the plain;
With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,
And brambles clothe the cultur'd field!

See

See on her cliffs her Genius lies,
His handkerchief at both his eyes,
With many a deepdrawn ſigh and groan,
To mourn her ruin and his own!
While joyous Holland, France and Spain,
With conq'ring navies rule the main,
And Ruſſian banners wide unfurl'd,
Spread commerce round the eaſtern world[158].
And ſee (ſight hateful and tormenting)
Th' Amer'can empire proud and vaunting,
From anarchy ſhall change her craſis,
And fix her pow'r on firmer baſis;
To glory, wealth and fame aſcend,
Her commerce riſe, her realms extend;
Where now the panther guards his den,
Her deſart foreſts ſwarm with men,
Her cities, tow'rs and columns riſe,
And dazzling temples meet the ſkies;
Her pines deſcending to the main,
In triumph ſpread the watry plain,
Ride inland lakes with fav'ring gales,
And croud her ports with whit'ning ſails;

Till

Till to the ſkirts of weſtern day,
The peopled regions own her ſway [159]."

Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,
When thundring ſhouts his ears aſſail,
And ſtrait a Tory that ſtood centry,
Aghaſt ruſh'd headlong down the entry,
And with wild outcry, like magician,
Diſpers'd the reſidue of viſion [160]:
For now the Whigs intell'gence found
Of Tories muſtring under ground,
And with rude bangs and loud uproar,
'Gan thunder furious at the door [161].
The lights put out, each Tory calls
To cover him, on cellar walls,
Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,
To hide his head from wrath of mob,
Or lurks, where cabbages in row
Adorn'd the ſide with verdant ſhow.
M'Fingal deem'd it vain to ſtay,
And riſk his bones in ſecond fray;
But choſe a grand retreat from foes,
In lit'ral ſenſe, beneath their noſe [162].

The

The window then, which none elſe knew,
He ſoftly open'd and crept thro'
And crawling ſlow in deadly fear,
By movements wiſe made good his rear.
Then ſcorning all the fame of martyr,
For Boſton took his ſwift departure [163];
Nor dar'd look back on fatal ſpot,
More than the family of Lot [164].
Not North in more diſtreſs'd condition,
Outvoted firſt by oppoſition:
Nor good king George when that dire phantom
Of Independence comes to haunt him,
Which hov'ring round by night and day,
Not all his conj'rers yet can lay [165].
His friends, aſſembled for his ſake,
He wiſely left in pawn at ſtake,
To tarring, feath'ring, kicks and drubs
Of furious, diſappointed mobs,
And with their forfeit hides to pay
For him, their leader, crept away [166].
So when wiſe Noah ſummon'd greeting
All animals to gen'ral meeting;

From

From ev'ry ſide the members ſent
All kinds of beaſts to repreſent;
Each from the flood took care t' embark,
And ſave his carcaſe in the ark;
But as it fares in ſtate and church,
Left his conſtituents in the lurch.

FINIS.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

[1] The origin of the word Yankey (now spelled Yankee) is involved in obscurity. Some suppose it to be derived from an appellation in use in Europe, long before the settlement of the English colonies in America. Others, with more plausibility, say that it was coined from the guttural sound of the New England Indians in their attempt to pronounce the word *English*. The sound would be nearly represented thus—Yaunghees, the *g* being pronounced hard, and approaching to the sound of *k*, joined with a strong aspirate. The Dutch settlers on the Hudson adopted it as an epithet of derision, and applied it to all the inhabitants of New England. Dr. Thacher says that a farmer of Cambridge, Massachusetts, named Jonathan Hastings, who lived at about the year 1713, used it as a favorite cant word to express excellence, as a *yankee* good house, or *yankee* good cider. The students of Harvard on that account

called him *Yankee Jonathan*. As he was a weak man, when the students wished to denote a person of that character, they would call him *Yankee Jonathan*. It is now often used in England as a general name for the people of the United States. Layard, in his narrative of his discoveries at Nineveh, says that some of the natives there uttered a sound very similar to that of Yankee, in giving a general name to the Americans.

[2] This is in allusion to the tumultuous flight of the British toward Boston, after the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord on the 19th of April, 1775. It might also apply to many similar flights of the enemy during the war. This canto was published in the autumn of 1775, and the allusion was only to the events in the vicinity of Boston.

[3] When General Gage heard of the affair at Lexington, he sent out Lord Percy, a son of the Duke of Northumberland, with a reinforcement. Percy was a lineal descendant of the noted Earl Percy, who was slain in the battle of *Chevy Chase*, so celebrated in English song and story. As he marched out through Roxbury, his band playing Yankee Doodle, in derision, (it being then used in the British army as a sort of Rogue's March, when drumming delinquents out of the camp,) he observed a boy performing many antics. Percy asked him why he was so merry. "To think," said the shrewd lad, "how you will dance by-and-by, to *Chevy Chase*." Percy was often influenced

by presentiments, and the remark of the boy pressed heavily upon his spirits all the day.

[4] M'Fingal is a representative of numerous magistrates at the commencement of the Revolution, who, desirous of retaining their offices, were over-zealous for the Crown, and became exceedingly obnoxious to the Whigs, as the Friends of Liberty were called.

[5] Fingal was the Warrior King of ancient Scot land, celebrated for his martial deeds in the Poems of Ossian, a reputed Celtic Homer, who lived in the second or third century of the Christian Era. These poems, professedly translated from the Gælic, or Erse language, by James McPherson, a native of Inverness-shire, Scotland, were first published in 1762, under the title of *Fingal; An Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books.* Many believe this epic to have been the offspring of the brain of McPherson alone. The question of its antiquity is yet open. McPherson was in America in 1770, as Surveyor General, under Governor Johnstone, of Florida; and it is asserted by McGregor, that he took his Gælic manuscripts with him, and lost many of them there.

[6] The Gælic *Taischitaraugh*, a well-known Highland superstition. The belief was prevalent that certain persons were endowed with powers of divination, and that they would sometimes not only foretell events, but by some mysterious method, unknown to themselves had actual

visions of things distant, or in future. The belief was, according to Martin, universal in the Western Islands; and Dr. Johnson, in his narrative of his visit there, gives a graphic account of the superstition, and even defends it. Sir Walter Scott often used it with effect, in prose and verse. The character of M'Allister, in the *Legend of Montrose*, exhibits it; and in his fine ballad of *Lord Roland*, and in the *Lady of the Lake*, he has given glimpses of it. So has Campbell, in *Lochiel's Warning;* and Collins, in his ode on the *Superstitions of the Highlands* finely describes it. The belief has almost passed away, and now has existence only in tradition and poetry.

' The English people had a traditional hatred of the Stuarts, which, after the rebellion in favor of the young Pretender, Charles Edward, in 1745, was extended, in a great degree, to the whole Scotch people. On the accession of George the Third, the minds of the English people, and especially of the ultra Protestants, were excited by unpleasant forebodings, because John, Earl of Bute, a needy Scotch adventurer, who had been the young King's tutor, was admitted to his counsels as Chief Minister, to the exclusion of the eminent William Pitt. He was a great favorite of the queen-dowager, and rumor spoke disparagingly of her virtue. These facts made the people fear the influence of the Jacobites, as the adherents of the Stuarts were called, in the affairs of

government; and somebody had the boldness, at the beginning of George's reign, to place a large placard on the Royal Exchange, with the words. "No Petticoat Government—No Scotch Minister." The Scotch were noted for their loyalty, in this country, and were generally found among the Tories, especially in the Carolinas. This fact, and the odium that rested upon the Jacobites in the mother country, made the Americans, during the Revolution, look with suspicion upon all Scotchmen. Jefferson manifested this feeling, when he drew up the Declaration of Independence. In the original draft, he alluded to "Scotch and foreign mercenaries." This was omitted, on motion of Dr. Witherspoon, who was a Scotchman by birth. In most minds, the word Jacobite was synonymous with Popery. Trumbull showed his dislike of the Scotch by his choice of a hero in this poem. Freneau, another eminent poet of the Revolution, also evinced the same hatred. In one of his poems, in which he gives Burgoyne many hard rubs, he consigns the Tories, with Burgoyne at their head, to an ice-bound, fog-covered island, off the northern coast of Scotland, thus:

"There, Loyals, there, with loyal hearts, retire,
There pitch your tents, and kindle there your fire;
There desert Nature will her stings display,
And fiercest hunger on your vitals prey;
And with yourselves, let John Burgoyne retire,
To reign your monarch, whom your hearts desire."

[9] When bees are swarming, loud beating upon sonorous metal, such as tin pans, kettles, et cetera, causes them to alight, or "settle," when they are placed in a newly-prepared hive.

[9] Alluding to the influences of the established churches of England and Scotland, in favor of the crown.

[10] Bute is mentioned in a preceding note. Lord Mansfield, here alluded to, was a powerful supporter of the Ministry, and was employed to draw up many of the bills introduced after the passage of the famous stamp act, in 1765, for enslaving the colonies. On that account, and because of his Popish tendencies, he was hated by the Americans. He was one of the most able of the Chief Justices of England, and was raised to the peerage in 1776. Because he seemed to favor the Roman Catholics, his mansion was burned during the anti-Catholic riots in London in 1780, and with it his valuable collection of books and rare manuscripts.

[11] Soon after the accession of George the Third, Bute sent secret agents to America, to spy out the condition of the colonists. The Germans, who were then rapidly settling large districts in Pennsylvania, as well as in the Carolinas, were found to be a liberty-loving people, and generally inimical to royal prerogatives. The French Roman Catholics, then quite rapidly increasing in Maryland, and the French Protestants in South Carolina, were obnoxious to the same objections, and the

King was advised to cast obstacles in the way of emigration to the English colonies in America. Restrictive measures were soon employed, and a scheme was proposed to "reform the American Charters." In this lay the egg of active tyranny. This measure is alluded to in one of the charges made against the King in the Declaration of Independence.

[12] Sybillæ were prophetic women, ten in number, said to have lived in the early ages of Greece and Rome. The most noted of these was the Sybil of Cumæ, celebrated by Virgil in the sixth book of his *Æneid*. She is said to have written her prophecies in books, in which she foretold the fate of the Roman Empire. This Sybil was consulted by Æneas, and, according to the poets, she accompanied him to the lower world. She is probably the one who offered her books to Tarquin in his palace. She had nine volumes, which she offered to sell to Tarquin at a very high price. He refused. She disappeared, burned three of them, and then offered him the remaining six at the same price. He again refused, when she burned three more, and came on the same errand. The astonished Emperor bought the remaining three, and they were long preserved with the greatest care. The whole story is probably a poetic fable, covering some important fact in Roman history.

[13] Dodona was the most ancient oracle in Greece and is said to have been consulted by the Pelasgi.

The responses of the oracle were delivered by a priestess, from the sacred oak or beach. There were two oracles of the same name, one at Epirus, and one in Thessaly.

[14] The tripod was an ancient three-legged stool, on which priests and priestesses sat when they uttered their oracles.

[15] In the autumn of 1775, the British government bargained with some of the petty German princes for about seventeen thousand troops, to assist in crushing the rebellion in America. As the larger portion of these troops were hired from the Prince of Hesse Cassel, they bore the general name of *Hessians*, and as such are known in the history of our War for Independence. They came in the summer and autumn of 1776, and were first let loose upon the patriots on Long Island, and in lower Westchester County, New York. They were generally ignorant, bloodthirsty and cruel, and were despised by the English soldiers. They were employed in the least honorable enterprises during the war, especially in forays upon hamlets, and the burning of towns. They cost the British government a million of dollars, and a vast amount of reputation among the nations. The scheme for their employment was distasteful even to the King, and it was denounced in Parliament, as "disgraceful to the British name."

[16] This prophecy was but half accomplished.

The mercenaries did come over, but the hanging, and division of estates never occurred.

[17] A Grecian warrior and herald, in the army that besieged Troy. His voice, according to Homer, was louder than the combined voices of fifty men.

[18] In the wars between the ancient Greeks and Persians, and other eastern nations, elephants were employed. Sometimes they became frightened, turned and fled. In their flight they would trample upon those "they came to aid."

[19] Penelope, wife of Ulysses, monarch of Ithaca, who was remarkable for her fidelity to her husband. Ulysses was absent twenty years, after his departure for the siege of Troy. Many lovers sought the hand of Penelope, and her relatives urged her to abandon all thoughts of her husband's return. She finally agreed to make choice of one of the suitors as soon as she should complete a web she was then weaving, as a funeral ornament for the aged Laertes. Every night she would undo all that she had wrought in the day time, and thus she protracted her promise until the final return of her husband.

[20] The British Parliament, in its assertion of its power "to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever," levied a small duty upon all tea imported into the colonies. The sum was small, but the *principles* involved were of vast importance. The colonists had already stoutly opposed govern-

ment measures having a like tendency to tax the people without their consent, and had boldly enunciated the grand postulate, that TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS OPPRESSION. The even nominal duty on tea, levied without the consent of the colonists, was in violation of the freedom negatively asserted in that postulate, and the people resolved not to submit to the tax. They held meetings, declared that tea should not be landed for sale on our shores, while the duty remained, warned consignees not to offend the popular will, and appointed committees of vigilance and correspondence to see that that will had free exercise. Commotions ensued, cargoes of tea were destroyed, and the Revolutionary crisis was thus hastened. For ten long years, the people had remonstrated, petitioned, addressed the King, Parliament and people of Great Britain, but to no purpose, and so, despairing of redress, and determined to be free, they raised the arm of resistance, and the war began.

* The terms Whig and Tory were adopted at an early period of the struggle. The appellation of Tory was first given to the wild Irish, outside of the English real jurisdiction in Ireland, who made predatory war against the British settlements in Dublin and vicinity. In the civil wars in the reign of Charles the First, these clans adhered to the royal party. The name was also applied to a volunteer troop of cavalry in Charles's

army, composed of young noblemen, and the sons of gentlemen, who were famous for revelry, and the singing of songs, the chorus of which consisted in a roll of unmeaning words. They had a favorite ballad, suited to the times, the chorus of which was,

"Sing *tory*, rory, rantum, sanctum, tory rory row."

The origin of the word Whig is not so clear. Some say that it originally meant a sour kind of crab-apple, and that it was applied to the Puritans in the army of Cromwell, who clipped their hair short, scowled upon all pleasantries, &c. They were called Whigs, prick-ears, and roundheads. Bishop Burnet gives a different account of its origin. The waggoners in the West of Scotland, when driving their horses, used the word *whiggam*, and the drivers were called *whiggamores*, abbreviated to whiggs. On one occasion, about six thousand of these people marched to Edinburgh, headed by the Marquis of Argyle, to oppose the ministerial troops, and, after that, all who opposed the court, were called Whigs, in contempt. Ever since then, the court party in England have been called Tories, and their opponents Whigs. These were significant terms for the Americans at the commencement of the revolutionary contest, and became common in 1774.

[22] Allusion is here probably made to a King of the Averni district whom Cæsar made a prisoner after his last battle with and final conquest of the

Gauls, and carried in triumph to Rome. When he laid the royal ensigns and arms at the foot of Cæsar, he exclaimed. "Receive them; thou, O, bravest of men, hast conquered a brave man." The Senate decreed a triumph to Cæsar, and the Gallic King and other notable prisoners were astonished and awed by the great display of wealth, and power, and pageantry, in the imperial city.

[23] Formerly town meetings were usually held in the churches or meeting-houses in the country towns of New England.

[24] Mercury was the messenger of the gods, and is represented with wings upon his cap and feet, and bearing a staff (caduceus) in his hand, about which serpents are entwined. Mercury was also considered the patron of eloquence, and of thieves, and other dishonest persons.

[25] In many parts of New England, the term *Moderator* is yet given to the chairman of the meeting, whether political or religious. In the present case, he is seated in one of those high, old-fashioned pulpits, which seemed to have been constructed chiefly for the purpose of concealing the person of the speaker.

[26] During the summer and autumn of 1774, the people of the colonies, especially those of New England, commenced arming themselves. They practised daily in military exercises; the manufacture of gunpowder was encouraged; and throughout Massachusetts in particular, the people were en-

rolled as a militia force, in companies, prepared to take up arms, and rush to the field at a minute's warning. From this circumstance, they were called *minute-men*. Such were the men who opposed the British at Lexington and Concord, and annoyed them by a galling fire from behind hedges and stone walls, all the way of their retreat to Boston.

[27] Æolus was the god or ruler of the winds; and was represented as holding them in restraint, in a great cave, from which they issued at his bidding.

[28] Numbers, chapter xii.

[29] Honorius, as opposed to M'Fingal, is a representative of a stanch Whig patriot, and a bold leader of his class.

[30] British statesmen, opposed to the colonists, in their struggle for freedom, were fond of boasting of the *liberality* of Great Britain, toward her children in the New World. They were either ignorant of, or artfully concealed the fact, that England had been fully repaid for all her boasted aids, by services, the most arduous and important. All of the settlements, except Georgia, had been made on private account; and all through the colonial period, the connection with Great Britain was a detriment to the colonies, rather than a benefit. For long and gloomy years, they had struggled up, from feebleness to strength, unaided and alone. They had built fortifications, raised armies, and fought battles, for England's glory

and their own preservation, without England's aid, and often without her sympathy. In 1758, when the French and Indian War was progressing, public and private advances to carry on the war, made in Massachusetts alone, amounted to more than a million of dollars. The taxes on real estate, in order to raise money, were enormous; in many instances, equal to two-thirds of the income of the tax-payers. Yet it was levied by *their own representatives*, and they did not complain. Lord Baltimore spent £200,000 sterling, in colonizing Maryland; and William Penn became deeply involved in debt, in his efforts to settle and improve Pennsylvania. On one occasion, in 1765, Charles Townshend, in the House of Commons, spoke of the Americans as children planted by the care of Great Britain, nourished up by its indulgence, and protected by its arms. Colonel Barre replied, "They *planted by your care!* No, your *oppressions* planted them in America." * * * "They *nourished up by your indulgence!* They grew by your *neglect* of them." * * * * * "They *protected by your arms!* They have nobly taken up arms in your defence." And then he recounted the valorous deeds of the Americans, and warned the English legislature that "that same spirit of freedom which actuated the people at first," in fleeing from persecution, would "accompany them still," and predicted that they would take up arms in defence of their liberties.

[31] Growth and decay seem to be the law of progress in nations as well as individuals. This truth, all past history teaches us. States have their youth, maturity, and season of decrepitude before decay.

[32] This is to become a public charge. The national debt of England, at that time, was more than seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The debt was commenced by William the Third, and the English people were alarmed at its amount, in 1697, then only twenty-five millions of dollars. At the close of the war of the Revolution, in 1783, it had swelled to about thirteen hundred millions. Now (1857) it is more than four thousand millions of dollars!

[33] This alludes to the time of the elder Pitt's administration, when Canada was wrested from the French, and a vast empire in India lay prostrate at the feet of Great Britain. Fifteen years had now elapsed, and the Gallic or French power had loomed up amazingly, and the traditionary feud between the two people, though quieted by treaties, was as fierce as ever. When our Revolution broke out, the French perceived an opportunity to damage England, by helping her rebellious colonies. Early in the struggle, the Americans received material aid from France, and finally, in 1778, formed a treaty of alliance with that nation. For three years, Gallic crows had been whetting "their beaks to pick her."

[34] An ancient "Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem," situated in London, and incorporated by Henry the Eighth, in 1546. The hospital building in Moorfields, which was erected in 1675, was pulled down in 1814. The present buildings of the institution are in St. George's Fields. It has long been used as a hospital for lunatics, which explains the allusion in the poem. In later editions of this poem, the word Bethlehem is changed to *Bedlam*. The latter is a corruption of the former.

[35] "Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst
be seen,
A goddess among gods, adored and served,
By angels numberless thy daily train."

Satan to Eve.

* * * * * * *

—"but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning and due praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offered free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge as the gods, who all things know."

Eve to the Tree of Life, Milton's Paradise Lost, Book IX.

[36] Special reference is here made to an act, passed by the British Parliament in 1766, known as the *Declaratory Act*, in which the omnipotence of the British Parliament was affirmed, and its "right" declared to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." This measure, strange as it may appear, was proposed by Pitt, who had

labored zealously for the repeal of the odious stamp act. It was a necessary expedient, he thought, in order to insure that repeal, but it unfortunately became the egg from which issued the most obnoxious measures.

[37] When, in 1534, Henry the Eighth of England quarrelled with the Pope, he cast off his allegiance to the Pontiff, and settled the supremacy over the Church and State, in his dominions, in the person of the Sovereign. The monarchs of England have ever since asserted and maintained that supremacy.

[38] It is asserted (and positively denied) that, in the ninth century, a female named Joan conceived a violent passion for a young monk named Felda, and in order to be admitted into his monastery, assumed the garb of a man. On the death of her lover, she entered upon the duties of Professor, and, being very learned, was elected Pope on the death of Adrian, in 872. This story has occasioned violent disputes among ecclesiastical historians. We have no record of any trial to prove her sex, as in the case of the Chevalier D'Eon, before Lord Mansfield.

[39] The English Parliament House is called St. Stephen's Chapel. A chapel so called in honor of Stephen, the proto-martyr, was erected by King Stephen, at about the year 1135. It was rebuilt in 1347, and about the year 1550, it was applied to the use of Parliament.

[40] Lord North, Earl of Guilford, became First Lord of the Treasury, or Prime Minister of England, in 1770, and continued in that important office until 1782. He was a well-meaning man, but lacked the better qualities of a great statesman; and by his official blunders, obstinacy, and unwise measures, he was chiefly instrumental in alienating the loyalty of the American people, and in causing and protracting their armed struggle for independence. He was blind for some years before his death, which occurred in July, 1792, when he was sixty years of age. See note 157, Canto IV.

[41] This is in allusion to the measure known as the *Quebec Act*, in the spring of 1774, which established the Roman Catholic religion in Canada. When the British ministry perceived the general disaffection in the American colonies, and the probability that the important province of Canada would join in the revolt, this conciliatory measure toward the Roman Catholic population there, was intended to prevent such a result. The cry of "No Popery" was then very popular in England, and the Quebec Act deeply offended public sentiment there, and in America. The title here given to the central Papal authority is derived from the 17th chapter of *Revelations*.

[42] At the commencement of hostilities, British ships and armies were employed in plundering our seas, ravaging our coast, burning our towns, and

destroying the lives of our people, and when, in the summer of 1779, the royal Governor of New York, William Tryon, had burned East Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk, in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound, and openly insulted the defenceless inhabitants, he boasted of his extreme *leniency* in leaving a single house standing on the New England coast. And British *ministers* often disgusted their own people by repeating that boast.

[43] One of the great foundations of the British Constitution was obtained from Charles the First by Parliament, in 1628, by his signature to a bill which recognized all the legal privileges of the subject. On the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, a *Bill of Rights*, declaratory of the franchises of British subjects, was passed, and received the royal signature. It is the only *written law* respecting the liberties of the British people, exeept MAGNA CHARTA—the Great Charter.

[44] For ten long years, the colonists petitioned the King and Parliament for justice, and a redress of grievances. Instead of listening and complying, the government denied their prayer, sometimes with indifference, at others with insults, and again by an accumulation of oppressive measures, which restricted personal liberty and commercial operations.

[45] First Kings, chapter xviii. Baal, or Belus, was the chief idol among the idolatrous nations of Canaan and vicinity.

[46] The crocodile was worshipped in only some portions of Ancient Egypt; in others it was warred upon; and the ichneumon, which destroyed its eggs, was regarded with great favor. Many mummied crocodiles have been found at Thebes, and at the modern Maahdah, where extensive grottos contain them. Persons were sometimes eaten by the beast, after having adored it.

[47] In almost every speech from the throne, concerning the American people, the King used honeyed words, and the colonists were often deceived by false hopes, springing from the promises of "His Most *Gracious* Majesty," which ministers compelled him to break. The hopes which budded in the warmth of these promises, were uniformly blasted by the frosts of Parliamentary action.

[48] In consequence of the destruction of tea in Boston Harbor, [see note 31, p. 257,] and other overt acts of rebellion, so called, Parliament, by enactment in the spring of 1774, ordered the port of Boston to be closed against all shipping, and suspended all commercial operations there. This is known as the Boston Port Bill, which was productive of more real misery, and greater irritation, than any other of the obnoxious measures of the ministry. Soon after the passage of that bill, others, equally tyrannical, were adopted. Among them was one, whose operations were equivalent to a total subversion of the Charter of Massa-

chusetts. Other colonies were threatened with a similar lash, if they dared to raise voice or hand against the omnipotence of Parliament. By that enactment, every thing pertaining to courts of law and equity was placed in the hands of the creatures of the government; and the officers in the province were made independent of the people by receiving their salaries from the crown.

[49] Thomas Gage was a native of England, and was an active officer during the French and Indian War. He was appointed Military Governor of Montreal in 1760, and on the departure of Amherst from America in 1763, he succeeded that officer as Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. He was appointed Governor of Massachusetts, in the place of Hutchinson, in 1774, and went to Boston on the first of June, fully authorized and prepared to enforce the provisions of the Port Bill, by arms if necessary. He was naturally amiable in disposition, but in executing the will of his royal master, he became, necessarily, a tyrant. Gage was the last royal Governor of Massachusetts. Howe succeeded him as military commander in the summer of 1775, and he went to England in the autumn of the same year, where he died in April, 1787.

[50] This is a law term, signifying "the power of the country," or the citizens who are summoned to assist an officer in suppressing a riot, or in executing any legal precept which is forcibly opposed.

[51] Genesis, chapter iii.

> —"In at his mouth
> The devil entered, and his brutal sense
> In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
> With act intelligential."
>
> *Paradise Lost, Book IX.*

[52] A writ of ejectment.

[53] At the commencement of the contest, loyalists and timid republicans, desirous of conciliating government officers, formally *addressed* them, and assured them of friendship and support. In Boston, in 1774, when General Gage was enforcing the Port Bill with rigor, one hundred and twenty merchants and others, signed an address to Gage, expressive of their gratitude and loyalty, and even went so far as to offer to pay the East India Company for the tea destroyed in December previous. There were some others who *protested* against the course of the Committee of Correspondence, and the action of a large portion of the ministers of the Gospel in New England, who, they averred, were unduly exciting the people, and urging them to ruin. These "Addressors and Protestors" were summarily dealt with by the Whigs, and many of them were compelled to sign a recantation which the General Committee of Correspondence for Massachusetts declared satisfactory. Those who would not sign it left the province, and became the first Refugee Royal-

ists. See Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, i., 512.

[54] At the commencement of the war, great prejudice prevailed throughout most of the colonies, and especially in New England, against the clergy, and even many of the laity of the Church of England, as the Protestant Episcopal Church was called. There were many reasons for this prejudice. For a long time Archbishop Secker and others had labored zealously in efforts to establish Episcopacy in America, which the colonists regarded as another form of oppression, because it was so intimately connected with the throne; so they strenuously resisted such efforts. Sometimes newspaper and pamphlet controversies on the subject ran high, and were very bitter. Cooper, of King's College, Auchmuty, Chandler, and other Episcopal clergymen, kept their pens quite actively engaged, while William Livingston, of New Jersey, was equally active with his pen, in opposition. The Church clergy constantly harped upon, and were in favor of the absurd doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and the divine right of Kings, and were active in endeavors to produce divisions among the patriots. The fact that for several years previous to the Revolution, the whole bench of Bishops, in the British Parliament, were opposed to the colonists, and always advised coercive measures, made their class obnoxious to the patriots. Again, the Episcopal clergy gener-

ally took sides with the Crown, and joined in the hue and cry against the leading Whigs. One of their writers, in Hugh Gaine's New York Mercury, in 1768, supposed to have been Dr. Auchmuty, of Trinity Church, or Professor Vardell, of King's College, thus alluded to Livingston, in a long poem. It must be remembered that Livingston wrote anonymously:

"Some think him a *Tindall*, some think him a *Chubb*,
Some think him a *Ranter*, that sports from his tub;
Some think him a *Newton*, some think him a *Locke*,
Some think him a *Stone*, some think him a *Stock*.
But a *Stock* he at least may thank Nature for giving,
And if he's a STONE, I pronounce it a LIVING."

[15] The stories of the wonderful exploits of St. Anthony and his pigs, and of St. Austin preaching to the fishes, are told in the Popish legends.

[16] William Walter, D. D., was rector of Trinity Church, Summer street, Boston. He was placed over that congregation in 1768, and left his people early in 1776, after this canto of M'Fingal was written. He was an addressor of Gage, and was among the proscribed and banished. He was afterwards Chaplain to De Lancey's Third Battalion of American Loyalists, and at the close of the war he went to Nova Scotia, and took charge of a church at Shelburne. He died at Boston, in the year 1800. Before he left his flock in Boston, he preached many furious discourses against rebellion, and often warned his people of

the dangers of the halter that awaited those who lifted their hands against "the powers that be."

[57] Samuel Auchmuty, D. D., was the son of an eminent lawyer and Judge of Admiralty, in Massachusetts. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and received his Doctorate of Divinity from Oxford, England. He was chosen rector of Trinity Church, in New York, on the death of Dr. Barclay, in 1764, and continued his connection until the summer of 1776, when, with his family, he retired to New Jersey. He died the following spring. His sermons, before the breaking out of the war, were strongly denunciatory of the Sons of Liberty, as the associated patriots were called, the most prominent of whom, in New York, was Isaac Sears, (commonly known as "King Sears,") who was a member of his church, and at the close of the war, was a vestryman. In April, 1775, Dr. Auchmuty wrote from New York to Captain Montressor, Gage's Chief Engineer in Boston: "We have lately been plagued with a rascally Whig mob here, but they have effected nothing, only Sears, the King, was rescued at the jail door. [See note 69.] * * * Our magistrates have not the spirit of a louse."

[58] Samuel Peters, D. D., was a native of Hebron, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College, and a Tory Episcopal clergyman. His loyalty and his lack of judgment led him into many difficulties, and he became exceedingly obnoxious to the

Whigs. He was compelled to sign retractions and declarations, but, finding Hebron too hot for him, he fled to Boston, and took shelter under the British flag. He seems to have indulged a peculiar spite against his native State, and proposed a scheme for wiping it off the list of Commonwealths, partitioning it between New York and Massachusetts. He went to England, and remained abroad until 1805, when he returned to America. In the meanwhile, he was elected Bishop of Vermont, but declined the honor. He had also written a History of Connecticut, which is a contemptible libel, and full of untruths. He never acknowledged being the author, but the fact is well known. In the years 1817 and 1818, he journeyed to the far North West, even to the Falls of St. Anthony. He died at New York on the 19th of April, 1826, aged 90 years, and was buried at Hebron.

[59] Myles Cooper, D. D., was President of King's (now Columbia) College, at the commencement of the Revolution, and for some years previous. He was educated at Oxford, England, came to America in 1762, and the next year was made President of the College. His opposition to the patriots was violent and unrelenting, yet some of the students under his care, among whom was Alexander Hamilton, boldly defied his menaces. He became very obnoxious to the Whigs; and, finally, feeling alarmed for his personal safety, he fled in haste

from the College, took refuge in Stuyvesant's house, near the East River, and made his escape on board the *Asia*, a British man-of-war. He went to England soon afterward, and never returned. He died suddenly at Edinburgh, in 1785, at the age of fifty years. Among his papers was found the following epitaph, written by himself:

"Here lies a priest of English blood,
Who, living, liked whate'er was good;
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after fame."

[66] Samuel Seabury, D. D., was the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. He was a native of New London, Connecticut, where his remains were laid at death. He took orders in the Church in London, in 1753, and became pastor of a congregation in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He afterwards took charge of a small flock at Jamaica, Long Island, and from there he went to Westchester county, New York, where he was settled at the commencement of the Revolution. There he took an active part with the loyalists, and was one of a large number who met at White Plains, and signed a protest against "all unlawful Congresses and Committees," and expressed their determination "to support the King and Constitution," at all hazards. These proceedings made him a mark for public indignation, and when, in the autumn of 1775, a party of

light horsemen from Connecticut, led by "King Sears," returned from destroying Rivington's printing press in New York, they carried Mr. Seabury with them as a prisoner to Connecticut. After his release, he became Chaplain in Colonel Fanning's American Regiment of Loyalists. He settled at New London, at the close of the war; was consecrated bishop in Scotland in 1784, and presided over the dioceses of Connecticut and Rhode Island, until his death, in February, 1796. He was highly esteemed for his piety and learning.

[61] Judges, chapter v.

[62] Revelations, chapter xiii.

[63] A kind of paste-blacking, containing grease, and much used in those days for the preservation of shoes from the effects of water. It was made in the form of a ball.

[64] A soft, friable clay, which absorbs grease, and was much used in fulling cloth.

[65] In allusion to the sale of Indulgences in the Papal Church, by which, for certain sums of money, a man was allowed to commit certain sins, and even great crimes. This practice was commenced by Pope Leo the Third, about the year 800. Urban used them for revenue in 1090, and afterwards they were offered by the Roman Pontiffs as awards to the Crusaders. Clement the First made the first public sale of them in 1313 In 1517, Leo the Tenth published general Indul-

gences throughout Europe, and this great social grievance led to the Reformation, first in Germany, and then in England, in 1534. They were pardon for sins past, present, and future; and were written upon parchment, and signed by the Pope or his legates.

[66] 1 Samuel, chapter x.

[67] This refers to the position of the Pope of Rome, who is also a temporal prince.

[68] See Virgil's *Æneid*, book vi.

[69] James Rivington, printer of the *Royal Gazette*, in New York, during the Revolution. He came to America from London, in 1760, established a bookstore, first in Philadelphia, and then in New York, and in 1773 commenced his paper, first called the *Royal Gazetteer*. No man was more detested by the Whigs than Rivington, and his paper received the name of the *Lying Gazette*. Frenau, another poet of the Revolution, gave him many hard blows; and at public meetings he was everywhere denounced. In the autumn of 1775, a party of light horsemen from Connecticut, led by Isaac Sears, (one of the chiefs of the Sons of Liberty in New York,) rode into the city, dismounted in front of Rivington's printing office, and deliberately destroyed his press, and carried off his types. The following year, when the British had taken possession of New York, he was appointed King's Printer, resumed the publication of his paper, and continued it until the

close of the war, when, to the astonishment of all, he remained in the city unmolested, while far less sinful loyalists felt compelled to flee to Canada and Nova Scotia. The reason is in the fact, that he was false to his royal master, and that during the latter years of the war, while he was abusing the Whigs the most, he was secretly conveying intelligence to General Washington of all the important movements of the British in the city. See Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, ii., 591. Rivington died in New York in July, 1802, at the age of seventy-eight years.

[70] Crean Brush was a conceited and sycophantic loyalist in New York. He was a native of Cumberland county, (now forming a part of the southern portion of Vermont, next to New York,) and member of the Assembly. In February, 1775, he made a speech against the appointment of delegates to the second Continental Congress, which was published. It was answered by Philip Schuyler and George Clinton. He continually opposed Whig measures; and after the battle of Bunker Hill, we find him in Boston, ready, with supple muscles, to do the will of General Howe, in damaging the patriots.

[71] Dr. Myles Cooper, referred to in note 59.

[72] Isaac Wilkins, D. D., was the son of a rich West India planter, and when quite young was sent to New York to be educated. He prepared himself for the ministry, but did not take orders

until some years afterward. He settled in Westchester county, became a member of the New York Assembly, and was considered a leader on the ministerial side. He had great influence, and chiefly through his instrumentality, a resolution to pass a vote of thanks to the New York Delegates to the Continental Congress, offered by the early martyr, Nathaniel Woodhull, was lost. His speech in opposition to the appointment of Delegates to the Second Continental Congress, is preserved in Sabine's *Lives of the American Loyalists*. He was very obnoxious to the Whigs, and young Alexander Hamilton became his opponent with the pen. Wilkins soon abandoned the county, went to England, but returned to Long Island in 1776. There he remained until the end of the war, when he retired to Shelburne, in Nova Scotia. In the meanwhile he had taken orders in the Church; and in the year 1800, he became rector of an Episcopal parish in Westchester county, where he continued in the ministry until his death, in 1830, at the age of eighty-nine years.

[13] Samuel Chandler was a High Church clergyman, in New York, and was one of the earliest in that city to denounce the measures of the Sons of Liberty. He became very obnoxious to the Whigs, and in 1775, he went to England, and never returned.

[14] Benjamin Booth was a stanch loyalist, and was for a time Secretary of the Loyal Refugees

of the different colonies, whose head-quarters were in New York, under the protection of British arms. He called a meeting of the loyalists in that city in September, 1778, when, it appears, about two thousand of them were present.

[75] A series of well-written essays, against Whig measures, over the signature of "Massachusettensis," were published in Boston papers, between December, 1774, and April, 1775. The authorship was long attributed to Jonathan Sewall, but they were really the production of Daniel Leonard, of Taunton, Massachusetts, who was one of the Mandamus Council. [See note 85]. Leonard was a graduate of Harvard College, was bred to the law, and became an acute logician, and powerful political writer. He was a member of the General Court of Massachusetts, and was one of the barristers, who, in 1774, signed an address to Governor Hutchinson. Bullets were fired into his house by a mob, and he took refuge in Boston in May, 1775. In 1776 he accompanied the British army to Halifax, and afterward became Chief Justice of the Bermudas. He died in London in 1829, at the age of eighty-nine years. His essays, above alluded to, were answered by John Adams, over the signature of "Novanglus," in a series published between January and the 19th of April, 1775. Both were reprinted in 1819 with a preface by Mr. Adams.

[76] Those powerful and widely-scattered engines

of the Revolution, *Committees of Correspondence* became exceedingly hateful to the government and the loyalists. Massachusetts and Virginia have disputed the honor of originating them. They seem to have been conceived by leading patriots almost simultaneously in both colonies, in 1773, and in 1774; they existed all over the land. They were the depositories and distributors of secret information of every kind, and through them, concert of political action was seen every where, from New Hampshire to Georgia. Of these "Massachusettensis" said, "This is the foulest, subtlest, and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition. *It is the source of the rebellion.* I saw the small seed when it was implanted; [by Samuel Adams] it was a grain of mustard. I have watched the plant until it has become a great tree. The vilest reptiles that crawl upon the earth are concealed at the root; the foulest birds of the air rest upon its branches. I now would induce you to go to work immediately with axes and hatchets to cut it down, for a twofold reason; because it is a pest to society, and lest it be felled suddenly, by a stronger arm, and crush its thousands in its fall."

[11] Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts, from 1771 until superseded by Gage, in the spring of 1774. He was a native of that province, held many important public offices, and wrote a valuable history of his native colony. Some of his

obnoxious acts will be referred to hereafter. He became alarmed for his personal safety, and fled to England. The allusion of the poet is to a laudatory address which loyalists and timid Whigs presented to him, just before his departure. He died in England in June, 1780.

[78] Jonathan Sewall was a native of Massachusetts, was educated at Harvard College, became a school teacher, and then a lawyer, and at about the year 1767, was appointed Attorney-General of Massachusetts. It is believed that he was disposed to take part with the Whigs, but had not the courage. He and John Adams were intimate friends, and that friendship was not broken, even after Sewall became one of the addressors of Hutchinson in 1774. Later in the season, he tried to persuade Adams not to attend the Continental Congress, when the firm patriot used those remarkable words: "The die is now cast; I have now passed the Rubicon; swim or sink, live or die survive or perish, with my country, is my unalterable determination." They never met again until after the war. Judge Sewall became Gage's chief adviser, and, it is said, wrote most of his proclamations. He was an essayist of some distinction. His house at Cambridge was attacked by a mob, and he fled to Boston; and in 1775 he went to England, and resided at Bristol. In 1788, he came to America, and was made Judge of Admiralty in the province of New Brunswick.

He died there in 1796, at the age of sixty-eight years. His wife was a sister of Dorothy Quincy, wife of John Hancock.

[79] Nathaniel Mills and John Hicks were printers of a ministerial paper in Boston. They opened a printing-house, as partners, in School street, in 1773; and their paper, the *Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Post Boy*, became the government organ in that city. The commencement of hostilities, in 1775, put an end to their paper, and the following spring they accompanied the refugee loyalists who fled to Halifax with the British army, when Washington drove it out of Boston. They afterwards opened a stationery store in New York, and printed some for the royal army and navy. They were among the New York refugees who fled to Nova Scotia, at the close of the war.

[80] Margaret, was the widow of Richard Draper, printer of the *Massachusetts Gazette and News Letter*, who died in Boston, in June, 1774. Mrs. Draper continued the paper after the death of her husband. She became his successor as printer to the Governor and Council, and continued business while the British were in possession of Boston. It was the first and the last newspaper published in Boston, previous to the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Draper went to Halifax with the army, and from thence accompanied friends to England, where she received a pension until her death, a few years afterward.

[81] Judge Sewall wrote a farce called *America Arouse*. It was a dull affair—a farce of itself, and not to be laughed at.

[82] The oppressive provisions of the Boston Port Bill, went into effect on the first of June, 1774. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts appointed that day as one of solemn fasting and prayer, for the people of the province.

[83] In various places the people had signed a League, agreeing not to import or use tea in any way, while a duty levied by government without the consent of the colonists, remained upon that article. Yet men were found among loyalists bold enough to brave public opinion by becoming consignees. Intelligence reached America that ships laden with tea were crossing the ocean. The people gathered, and made preparations in several seaport towns to prevent the landing of the cargoes. Two tea ships arrived in Boston, late in 1773. The consignees were warned of danger, but refused to listen. They were threatened by mobs; and one of them, Richard Clarke, had his house damaged by missles thrown by a crowd of excited people. Finally, on the evening of the 16th of December, a party, many of them disguised, went on board the tea ships, and cast their contents into Boston Harbor. The consignees were despised as supple tools of the British ministry, and this popular demonstration

kept them quiet and inactive ever afterward. See note 31, Canto iii.

[84] Peter Oliver, a native of Massachusetts, was made, first a Judge of the Superior Court, and then Chief Justice of the province, notwithstanding he was not bred a lawyer, nor possessed a knowledge of legal science. He was graduated at Harvard in 1730, and possessed some learning and fair abilities, but was totally unfit for the high office which he held. Because he received his salary direct from the crown, instead of the people of Massachusetts, and thus became independent of the latter, he was impeached in 1774, and soon afterward went to England. He died at Birmingham, in the autumn of 1791.

[85] A writ of mandamus is a command from a high power, to any person, corporation, or inferior court, requiring them to do some specified act which appertains to their office or duty. By the charter of Massachusetts, the Council had always been elective, but by one of the bills passed by Parliament in the spring of 1774, that charter was declared void, and the King appointed a council by mandamus. They were, of course, chosen from among the loyalists, and many of them accepted the office, and took the prescribed oath. These councillors became very detestable to the Whigs, who regarded their act as equivalent to joining the crown in its oppressions.

[86] "A proper emblem of his genius," says Trumbull.

[87] John Murray was a native of Rutland, in Massachusetts, a colonel of militia, and for several years a member of the General Court. He was one of the Mandamus Council, but was not sworn into office. Menaced by the Whigs, he abandoned his house in the night, fled to Boston, and accompanied the British army to Halifax in 1776. After the war, Colonel Murray became a resident of St. Johns, New Brunswick. His large property in the United States was confiscated, yet he left a handsome estate in St. Johns.

[88] Timothy Ruggles was an old stager in public life, having been a member of the Massachusetts Assembly as early as 1736. He was a man of decided talents and energy, a lawyer by profession, but for many years was a tavern-keeper in Sandwich. He loved military life, attained to the rank of a brigadier-general, and led a body of troops to join Sir William Johnson, in 1755. He was distinguished in the battle at the head of Lake George that year. Two years afterward, he was appointed a Judge; and in 1765, he was one of the Massachusetts delegates to the "Stamp Act Congress," assembled at New York. He was President of that body, but his conduct was so loyal toward the crown, that he was censured by the Assembly of his province. When the Revolution broke out, he was a violent opponent of the Whigs, and

crowned his detested acts by becoming a Mandamus Councillor. His house was attacked, his cattle were injured, and in terror, he fled to Boston, and endeavored to raise a volunteer corps of loyalists. He then proposed associations to act against the Whigs; and when the British army fled to Halifax, he was among the refugee loyalists who accompanied it. He afterwards appeared upon Long Island and Staten Island, and succeeded in raising a military corps of about three hundred men, called the *Loyal Militia*, but he did not perform much service with them. His property was confiscated in 1779, and he went to Nova Scotia at the conclusion of the war. He died in 1798 at the age of eighty-seven years. Mercy Warren, in her drama called *The Group*, gives him the character of *Hate-all*, because he was a sort of social Ishmael.

[89] Josiah Edson, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was an active politician, and was known by the odious names of Rescinder and Mandamus Councillor. He was a man of weak courage, and was rather a passive than an active loyalist, yet a mob attacked his house, and he was compelled to flee to Boston for safety, in 1774. He went to Halifax in 1776, and afterwards became a resident in the city (or its vicinity) of New York, where he died. He is represented as an amiable, virtuous and highly respectable man. But mobs make no distinction of persons, if their avowed *principles* are offensive.

[90] Nathaniel Ray Thomas was a resident of Marshfield, and a graduate of Harvard University in 1751. Having become a member of the Mandamus Council, he shared in the afflictions of that unhappy body, who seemed to receive the special attention of mobs. He went to Halifax in 1776, and in 1778 his property was confiscated. He died in Nova Scotia in 1791.

[91] This was Joshua Loring, of Massachusetts, whose property was confiscated, and himself banished. He became British commissary of prisoners in Boston, and is charged with the perpetration of most outrageous cruelties toward them. It is affirmed that when he fled to England, his wife did not accompany him, but remained as mistress of General Sir William Howe. An allusion is made to her in Francis Hopkinson's *Battle of the Kegs*, as "Mrs. L——g." Loring left behind him a name most odious, and he never returned to America. He died in England, in 1782.

[92] Sir William Pepperell was a descendant of the first of that name, who settled in Maine, and was knighted by William the Third. He was educated at Harvard University, and was afterwards one of the Council of Massachusetts. He was continued in that office under the mandamus of the King in 1774, and, of course, became very odious to the people. He was denounced by his neighbors, and in fear he fled to Boston. He and his wife started for England in 1775, but she died

on the passage. He was proscribed and banished by the act of 1778, and the following year his property was confiscated, under the conspiracy act. He was an active, benevolent and very useful citizen, and became one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was also President of the Association of Loyalists, in London, formed in 1779. He never returned to America. He died at his residence on Portman Square, in December, 1816, at the age of seventy years. He appears in West's celebrated picture, the "Reception of the American Loyalists by Great Britain, in 1783," a copy of which may be found in Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, vol. ii. page 667.

[93] William Browne was a grandson of Governor Burnet, was owner of an immense landed estate, and was one of the hated Mandamus Councillors. He was an active and popular man in Massachusetts, prior to the Revolution. He was compelled to leave in 1776; and in 1779, his property was confiscated, and he became an exile in England. Afterward he was appointed Governor of the Bermudas. He died in England in 1802.

[94] John Erving, Jr., of Boston, was an addressor of both Hutchinson and Gage, and a Mandamus Councillor. He was therefore double-dyed in iniquity in the eyes of the Whigs. He fled to Halifax in 1776, and from thence to England. He was perpetually banished, and his property being confiscated by the conspiracy act of 1779,

he never returned to his native country. He died in England in 1816, at the age of eighty-nine years.

[95] Henry the Eighth, of England, established Protestantism as the religion of the State, at about the middle of the sixteenth century, and during the reign of his son Edward, which commenced in 1574, the tangible line of doctrinal difference between Luther and Calvin was drawn. The followers of the former allowed many of the ceremonials of the Church of Rome. Those of the latter were more austere, demanded more simplicity in the public worship, and great purity of life. On the latter account, they were called *Puritans*, in derision. They were afterwards persecuted by both the Roman Catholics and the English churchmen. Many fled to Holland, and from the *Puritan* congregation there, came the Pilgrim Fathers, who commenced settlements in New England, in 1620.

[96] Harrison Gray was Treasurer, or Receiver-General of Massachusetts. He was an addressor of Hutchinson, and one of Gage's Mandamus Council. He became greatly detested by the Whigs on that account, and especially because of a pamphlet which he wrote, in which he charged the Congress of Philadelphia with being drunk when they signed the *Continental Association*. A copy of the Association may be found in the journals of the first Congress, in 1774. At the evacuation

of Boston by the British, he went, with others, to Halifax, and from thence to England, where he died. On leaving, he parted with his only daughter, who was the first wife of Samuel Otis, father of the late Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston. Mr. Gray was an excellent man, in every relation of life, and did not deserve the harsh language here made use of by the poet.

[97] The Earl of Dartmouth succeeded the Earl of Hillsborough as Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1772, and was in that station when the Revolution broke out. He was considered rather friendly to the colonies at first; and was always favorable to mild measures. He and Doctor Franklin were warm personal friends.

[98] The "prime saint" alluded to was Governor Hutchinson, who always professed great friendship for the people of his native province. His own letters proved his hypocrisy, for while he was making these professions, he was writing to the ministry, declaring the necessity, in order to maintain government in Massachusetts, of destroying the charter, abridging what he termed *English liberties*, making Judges dependant only upon the Crown, and creating a nobility in America! Some of these letters were secretly placed in the hands of Dr. Franklin, then Provincial Agent at the English Court, and he transmitted them to Boston. Soon afterward, (1773,) finding himself suspected of advising the ministry to employ op-

pressive measures, he declared, in a message to the Assembly, that he had ever been an advocate of the rights of the province contained in the charter, and the equal liberties of the colonists with other British subjects. His letters were then published, and gave the lie to all his pretensions. The excitement which they produced was intense, and, for a time, his person was in great danger.

[99] When Hutchinson fled to England, a spirit of revenge, uniting with his real sentiments respecting government in America, caused him to strongly urge Lord North to turn the screw of oppression still closer, and he remained a bitter and uncompromising enemy of the Americans.

[100] After the events at Lexington and Concord, Boston was menaced by an exasperated multitude, and General Gage became alarmed. He abandoned his haughty tone and demeanor, and sought an interview with the select men, as the municipal trustees were called. A town meeting was held on the 22d of April, and an agreement was entered into between the local authorities and the Governor, "That upon the inhabitants in general lodging their arms in Faneuil Hall, or any other convenient place, under the care of the select men, marked with the names of their respective owners, all such inhabitants that are inclined, might leave the town with their families and effects," &c., &c. The Tories remonstrated with Gage, and working

upon his fears in another way, caused him to put obstacles in the way of the people who desired to leave, and finally, to refuse to grant passes altogether. He concluded it was better to keep the Whigs in the city, as hostages for the good behavior of their brethren outside, for really,

"They *were* the only guards that saved him."

[101] When the news of the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord swept over New England, the people flocked toward Boston by hundreds and thousands, resolved to chain the tiger upon that peninsula, or drive him into the sea. Israel Putnam, a veteran of the French and Indian War, and then a brigadier-general of the Connecticut militia, was among the earliest of the rallying minute-men of the East, and took command of the motley host by common consent, at first. Gage well knew the spirit of the man, and was in daily expectation that he would force his way into Boston, and "mutton him;" in other words, destroy him and his army. Putnam was afterwards appointed one of the four major-generals, commissioned by Congress to assist in the command of the Continental Army; and he served his country well, until disabled by paralysis, in 1779. He lived in retirement after the war, and died in Brooklyn, Wyndham county, Connecticut, on the 29th of May, 1790, at the age of seventy-two years.

[102] Numbers, chapter xxx.

[103] In 1766, the *Sons of Liberty*, in New York, as the associated patriots who opposed the Stamp Act were called, after dining at Montague's, and procuring the sanction of the Governor, erected a mast or tall pole a little north-east of the present City Hall, in front of Warren street, and upon it was inscribed, "To his most gracious majesty, George the Third, Wm. Pitt and Liberty." These poles were erected afterward, and elsewhere, and became known as "Liberty poles," a name which they still bear. Around these poles the patriots assembled, and near them they sometimes punished Tory offenders, by stripping them naked, pouring warm tar over them, and then emptying a bag of feathers upon them. There were certain large trees in Boston, Norwich, Charleston and other places, where the Whigs assembled, which were called *Liberty trees* These became very obnoxious to the friends of government, and attempts were often made to cut them down. The one in Boston, which stood at the corner of the present Washington and Essex streets, opposite the Boylston Market, was cut down by the British in 1775, with great parade. A soldier was killed by falling from its branches, during the operation, of whom some poetic wit of the day wrote:

"Pale turned the wretch—he spread each helpless hand
But spread in vain—with headlong force he fell,
Nor stopped descending till he stopped in hell!"

[104] This is in allusion to the church discipline of New England, when a person was obliged to stand in the aisle, called the "broad alley," name the offence he had committed, and ask pardon of his brethren.

CANTO II

[1] This refers to the thrice-repeated words "Oh yes!" used in opening courts, and as a preface to verbal proclamations, and the commencement of the business of public meetings.

[2] The person here alluded to, was William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the Primate, or Chief Ecclesiastical officer of England, during a portion of the reign of Charles the First. He succeeded Abbot as primate, in 1633, and at the same time he was the prime minister of State. He held these exalted offices with a firm and steady rein, and with great energy he endeavored to repress the Puritan spirit. The persecutions which he employed drove some of the best men from England to America; and, it is said, that even John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, were, at one time, on the eve of embarkation for the New World. Laud became very obnoxious to all who disliked the hierarchy, and he was accused of high crimes, which were not proven against him. Popular

hatred demanded his blood. The peers, overborne by the prevailing sentiment, pronounced him guilty, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 10th of January, 1645, when 71 years of age. That was four years before his royal master met the same fate. Laud was an honest but mistaken man. We must judge him by the spirit of the times in which he lived.

[3] In the edition of M'Fingal, revised by the author and published in 1820, there are the four following lines, immediately preceding this:

> "Who'd seen, except for these restraints,
> Your Witches, Quakers, Whigs, and Saints,
> Or heard of Mather's famed *Magnalia*,
> If Charles and Laud had chanced to fail you?"

The allusion to Cotton Mather refers to his book called *Magnalia*, in which he gives a ridiculous history of pretended miracles which occurred during the first years of the settlement of New England. In his "Wonders of the Invisible World," Mather gave an account of the delusion known as the Salem Witchcraft. Mather was a man of learning, yet he was a believer in witches.

Although the settlements in America were nearly all made by private individuals, and at the expense of private capital, the King claimed to own the lands discovered by his subjects in the New World, and they were compelled to procure grants from him, by which certain privileges were

given to the proprietor, who made the settlements. These charters were the original fundamental laws of all the colonies. That given to Rhode Island by Charles the Second remained in force as the Constitution of the State until 1843, when the people made a new one. The first charters were often annulled, and new ones were given; and those charters in which privileges were defined were regarded by the people with great reverence. I have already referred in Note 30, Canto I., to the boasts of English statesmen, concerning aids given to the colonists.

[4] Although the ancient feud between France and England, as well as a difference in religion, caused the English and French settlers in America to regard each other as rivals, yet it was doubtless the quarrels of the parent government that made them actual and open enemies, and brought them into bloody conflicts. And in those wars the colonists bore much more than their own proper share of the burden.

[5] Generals Braddock, Abercrombie, Amherst, Loudoun, Wolfe and others, were sent over to conduct the war that broke out in 1755, and oftentimes by their folly, arrogance, or tardiness, they thwarted the more enterprising provincials, and stood in the way of success. On the field where Braddock was killed, death and desolation were spread in all directions, until the fall of that officer, and others, placed the command in the hands of young Wash-

ington, when the fortunes of the day were immediately changed. In almost every instance, the provincial officers were more efficient than those of the regular army. The history of the tardiness and stupidity of Loudoun forms a disgraceful chapter in the records of England. Wolfe and Amherst were the most efficient of all the English officers who were sent to America during the French and Indian War.

[6] The energy and justice of Pitt were greatly applauded by the Americans; and when, in the spring of 1759, his splendid scheme for the conquest of Canada was to be put into execution, the provincials flocked to the standards of their chiefs with such alacrity, that the quota of soldiers called for was far exceeded by numbers. When Amherst came, he found twenty thousand troops at his disposal, and many others were eager to join the royal army.

[7] The first step toward the establishment of Episcopacy in America was at about the year 1748, when Dr. Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, not only proposed the matter, but offered the mitre to several Puritan divines. Whitefield, the celebrated field-preacher, said to Dr. Langdon, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at about that time, "I can't in conscience leave this town without acquainting you with a secret. My heart bleeds for America. O poor New England! There is a deep-laid plot against both your civil and religious

liberties, and they will be lost. Your golden days are at an end—you have nothing but trouble before you. . . . . Your liberties will be lost.' He referred to the scheme then in preparation by the English hierarchy. The first important step was the sending over several Episcopal clergymen as missionaries, who had been ordained by the Bishop of London. These settled in the colonies; and those at the North, especially, became attached to the royal cause. The intention was to have the New England churches ruled by bishops; but the Revolution swept the whole plan into oblivion.

[8] The simple fact of sending troops to America to awe the people, produced much irritation in the provinces; but when the colonists were called upon to contribute toward the support of these troops, they regarded the matter as downright oppression. The New York Assembly refused to vote supplies, and for this contumacious act, Parliament, in 1767, passed an act, "prohibiting the Governor, Council, and Assembly of New York, passing any legislative act for any purpose whatever." This alarming disability caused the legislature of that province to make some concessions, yet the point was not yielded until 1769, when a small appropriation was made for the support of the troops. In Boston, the insolence of the troops greatly irritated the people, and finally they came to an open rupture early in March, 1770, which resulted in the death of several citizens. This

event is known in history as *The Boston Massacre*. So in Wilmington in North Carolina, and in Charleston in South Carolina, and other places, the people were exceedingly restiff under the frowns of a military despotism.

[9] It has been asserted that a large portion of the old English peerage, created previous to the close of the reign of Charles the Second, have originated from the illegitimate progeny of the kings. It is to this fact, and the grievance of having such men hold all of the best offices of trust and emolument in the kingdom, that the author here alludes.

[10] At that time the urgent calls of an exchequer, depleted by recent wars and increasing pensions, caused the levying of very heavy taxes, even in Scotland and Ireland, where, hitherto, they had been less than in England. The Scotch murmured, and the Irish endured the burden with a bad grace, while the English people themselves, borne down by taxation, sympathized with their brethren in America, in their resistance to the same form of oppression. The chief cause of complaint was the pensioning of, and giving sinecure places to, undeserving scions of royalty or the aristocracy. And the Americans justly complained that the best offices in the colonies were filled by such men, to the exclusion of native-born citizens, who could justly boast of superior intelligence and virtue.

[11] Sir David Dalrymple was a ministerial writer

of some eminence, and a lawyer and antiquarian of note in Edinburgh. He undertook at one time to prove that all of the celebrated British patriots, in the time of the civil war, were pensioners, in the pay of France. He based his charges upon the alleged fact, that the letters of the French ambassadors in England disclosed the significant secret, that thousands of guineas were paid by them to Algernon Sydney, John Hampden, &c. He also alleged that Admiral Russell defeated the French fleet at a time when he was under a solemn engagement, and had received a stipulated sum, to be beaten himself. How far truth will support a theory founded on these alleged facts, cannot be easily determined. But it was from premises like these, that Sir David argued that "public virtue was but a name."

[12] Dr. Samuel Johnson also wrote against the Americans. His pamphlet entitled *Taxation no Tyranny* is an able paper. He, too, had no faith in patriots so called, and in public virtue. Like Cardinal Richelieu, he believed that every man had his price. A poet of the time, in an epigram, intimated that the doctor's price was paid to him for his defence of ministers.

[13] This is in allusion to the noble words of Samuel Adams, in the first Continental Congress, when a proposition of Joseph Galloway to make concessions to Great Britain elicited a warm debate. Adams regarded the proposition as a concession to

tyranny, and, his soul kindling with patriotic zeal, he exclaimed: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty! One such freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than a thousand slaves; and let him propogate his like, and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved."

[14] Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who commanded the British troops in America, in the final conquest of Canada.

[15] Amherst declared, on the floor of the House of Commons, that with five thousand regular troops, he could march from one end of the continent to the other, unmolested. Gage repeated the foolish boast to Putnam, who instantly replied, "So you might, if they behaved themselves, and paid for what they got; if not, the women would knock your soldiers in the head with their ladles."

[16] Colonel Grant was a meritorious officer in the French and Indian War, and was the successful leader of an expedition against the Cherokees in 1761. He was a brigadier at the commencement of the Revolution, and led the division of the British army in the battle near Brooklyn, at the close of the summer of 1776, which first engaged the Americans under Lord Stirling. Grant made assertions simi-

lar to those of Amherst, and added that nothing would exceed the speed of the Americans in their flight before an enemy. On several occasions during the Revolution, General Grant was compelled to run swiftly *before* the "rebels" he affected so much to despise, but never *after* them. At this he seems to have been very expert, and

"Well skilled on runnings to decide."

[17] It is asserted that the roar of a lion will turn small beer sour. The lion is the emblem of Great Britain's courage and strength, and is the principal figure on the national escutcheon. It was originally a leopard, according to a record of the year 1252.

[18] Such declarations were continually made by North and his cabinet. They asserted the *right* of Parliament to tax the colonies, and declared the necessity of such a tax for the purposes of revenue.

[19] In the debate on the Boston Port Bill, in the spring of 1774, Mr. Van, a ministerial member of Parliament, used very violent language toward the people of Boston. "They ought to have their town knocked about their ears, and destroyed," he said, because of their destruction of the cargoes of tea in that harbor, a few months before; and concluded his tirade of abuse by quoting the words of Cato the Censor, concerning Carthage,

Delenda est Carthago—Carthage must be destroyed.

[20] It cannot be doubted that among the measures for crushing the rising rebellion in America, adopted by the British ministry early in 1774, was that of exciting the Indians on the frontiers of the white settlements against their neighbors. In this work, a little later, the sons of Sir William Johnson, in the Mohawk Valley, were engaged. Stuart, in the Carolinas, was busy among the Creeks and other frontier tribes; and the Governors of some of the provinces had, doubtless, secret instructions on this point. Governor Gage and Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, were known to be employed in this nefarious business in 1775. In the autumn of that year, Dr. Connolly, of Pittsburg, visited General Gage, at Boston, and soon afterward, while on his way toward the Ohio country, through Maryland, he was arrested as a suspicious character. Concealed in his saddle were papers, which revealed the fact that he was commissioned to arouse and lead the Indians against the people of Virginia. Governor Carleton, of Canada, was also engaged in the same business; and the effect of the agency of secret emissaries among the savages, was seen as the war progressed, in the terrible massacres everywhere committed by the Indians, under the protecting wing of British power. The horrid practice of employing the Indians was severely com-

mented upon in the British Parliament. A member attempted to justify the measure by saying, that they had a right to employ the means "which God and nature had put into their hands." The great Pitt scornfully repeated these words, and said, "These abominable principles, and this most abominable avowal of them, demands most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench (pointing to the Bishops), those holy ministers of the Gospel and pious pastors of the Church, I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God." But "those holy ministers" had no word of condemnation. In the Declaration of Independence the King was charged with endeavors "to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages," and the proofs of the truth of that charge were many and undeniable.

[21] Guy Carleton (afterward Lord Dorchester), was Governor of Canada from 1772 to 1781, when he succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of the British army in America. He was made Governor of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick in 1786. As a reward for long services he was raised to the peerage. He died in 1808, at the age of eighty-five years. It is due to his memory to say, that he doubtless was opposed to the employment of the savages against the Americans. He was a very humane man, as his kindness to American prisoners often proved.

Guy Johnson was a son of Sir William Johnson, by a sister of Brant, the great Mohawk Chief. He had great influence over the Iroquois, and in 1775 he, in connection with the Butlers and Brant, held a large council of Indians, composed chiefly of Cayugas and Senecas. After the war he was an Indian agent in Canada.

[22] Guy, Earl of Warwick, was called the King-maker. He was killed at the battle of Barnet in April, 1471. He is very celebrated in the martial annals of Great Britain.

[23] The Dun cow is celebrated in tradition as a fierce animal that roamed over a heath, and had killed many people. She was twelve feet in height from hoof to shoulder, and eighteen feet in length from the neck to the root of the tail. The young and fiery Guy undertook to kill the beast, in order to win a mistress. He did so, and the heath still bears the name of Dunsmore. This is supposed to be a myth, and that the cow was a Countess, who led a disreputable life, and ruined many young lords by winning their estates from them at card-playing. Guy beat her at the game, and so the destroyer was conquered.

[24] Among the threats of royal Governors in the slave-holding provinces, was that of giving these bond-servants their freedom, and letting them loose, like bloodhounds, upon their masters. And this was no idle threat. Nothing but the general attachment of the slaves to their masters prevented

the perpetration of the most frightful massacres. When, in June, 1775, Lord Dunmore, the Governor of Virginia, fled for safety to a British man-of-war, his first vindictive and retaliatory efforts were to call the slaves to his standard, under a promise of freedom. Many obeyed the call, and were in the battle at the Great Bridge, twelve miles from Norfolk, in December following. Hundreds of them afterwards miserably perished. The same thing was attempted, by authority, in the Carolinas; and in Boston a company of negroes was formed and regularly enrolled. Yet the negroes were not all "loyal," for we find that, on one occasion, when they had been ordered to assemble in Faneuil Hall, to choose from among their number proper persons to clean the streets, Cæsar Merrian, in the presence of Joshua Levering, moderator, dared to oppose the measure, for which he "was committed to prison, and confined until the streets were all cleaned." The Declaration of Independence says, "He has excited domestic insurrection among us," and these facts are the proofs.

[25] This was a specimen of M'Fingal's "second sight," for there was, as yet, no Bishop in America

[26] The negroes who enlisted in the army in Boston were chiefly slaves of the whigs who had left the town. They were dressed in the scarlet uniform of the British army, a color particularly adapted to win the black man, who is fond of show.

[27] "The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict confed'racy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat."
Blackmore's Paraphrase of Job.

[28] These were the materials employed against the Americans by the British ministry previous to the sending over German troops, mentioned in Note 15, Canto I.

[29] When Gage proceeded to Boston to enforce the Bort Bill, he ordered two additional regiments to march there. They entered Boston with great display, and encamped on the Common, or Mall. Other troops soon joined them, and as the people refused to give them shelter, they all remained encamped on the Common during the summer of 1774. The contending political parties wrote and published much. *Massachusettensis* (See Note 75, Canto I.) began his essays, and John Adams soon answered them. Gage sent out proclamation after proclamation, and the patriots met him with "squib for squib" at every turn. His proclamations were very bombastic, and were much ridiculed. They were sometimes paraphrased in rhyme. The following is a specimen of one of these:

"Tom Gage's proclamation,
Or blustering denunciation,
(Replete with defamation,)
Threatening devastation

And speedy jugulation,
Of the New English nation,
Who shall his pious ways-shun."

This was the commencement. Then followed a paraphrase, and the whole ended with,

"Thus graciously the war I wage,
As witnesseth my hand,
TOM GAGE
By command of *Mother Carey*,
THOMAS FLUCKER, Secretary.

Flucker was the Secretary of Massachusetts under Gage. He was the father of Lucy, the wife of General Henry Knox, the Commander-in-Chief of the artillery of the Continental army.

[30] Gage's fears made him more of a tyrant than he wished to be. Alarmed by hostile demonstrations on all sides, he first stationed a strong guard upon Boston Neck, which connected the peninsula with the main, at Roxbury, with the avowed shallow pretence that he wished to prevent desertions from his ranks. He next commenced erecting a line of fortifications across the Neck. Boston carpenters could not be hired to do the work, and mechanics from New York were employed for the purpose. These things greatly irritated the people, because they were proofs of the manifest intention of Government to coerce them into submission to unjust laws.

[31] Matthew, xvii. 27.

[32] Numbers, Chapter xii.

[33] When Rome was invested by the Gauls, almost four hundred years before the birth of Christ, a noble band of citizens and soldiers shut themselves up in the Capitol. One night the Gauls climbed up the steep rocks of the Capitoline Hill, and were about to kill the sentinels and capture the garrison, when some geese, being awakened by the noise, cackled so loudly that they aroused the soldiers in time to save the Capitol, and perhaps the Roman Empire.

[34] See an account of Bishop Atterbury's trial, in the Histories of England. Francis Atterbury was Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. He favored the Stuarts, and being suspected of being in league with the old Pretender, son of James the Second, he was sent to the Tower on a charge of treason, in 1722. He was banished the following year, and died at Paris in 1732.

[35] Exodus, Chapter viii.

[36] A noodle meant simpleton. This term was much in use formerly.

[37] The exact origin of *Yankee Doodle*, our national air, is not positively known. There was a popular song adapted to the old air of Nancy Dawson, composed and sung in derision of Cromwell, by the Cavaliers and other loyalists, which commenced thus:

"Nankey Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony,
With a feather in his hat
Upon a macaroni."

A "doodle" is defined in the old English dictionaries, as "a sorry, trifling fellow," and the term was thus applied to Cromwell. A "macaroni" was a knot on the hat, on which a feather was fastened. In a satirical poem accompanying a caricature of William Pitt, published in 1766, in which he appears on stilts, the following stanza occurs:

"Stamp act! le diable! dat is de job, sir;
Dat is in de stiltman's nob, sir,
To be America's nabob, sir.
Doodle, noodle, do."

The air of Yankee Doodle was known in New England, long before the Revolution, as "Lydia Fisher's Jig;" and in 1755, a surgeon in the British army at Albany, composed a song to that air, in derision of the uncouth appearance of the New England troops then assembled there. He called it "Yankee Doodle." The air was popular as martial music; and we find on record that when, in 1768, British troops arrived in ships in Boston harbor, "the Yankee Doodle tune was the capital piece in the band of music at Castle William." The change in spelling the first word from Yankey to Yankee, did not occur until after the Revolution. While the army under Washington was at Cambridge, in 1775, some loyal poet wrote a long string of doggerel verse, in derision of the New England people, and troops, commencing:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
There we *see* the men and boys
As thick as hasty-*puddin'*."

See Note 1, Canto I.

[38] The people in Boston, and the army there, after Gage's arrival, held toward each other the most bitter animosity, and that was often inflamed by the wicked or injudicious conduct of subordinate officers. Among sinners of this kind, was Lieutenant Colonel Nesbitt, who, at the beginning of 1775, took great pains to insult and injure the Americans. The country people sometimes came into town, to buy muskets for hunting. On one occasion Nesbitt instructed a soldier to sell one of them an old rusty musket. The purchaser was an inoffensive man, who sold vegetables, and paid the soldier three dollars for the gun. He was almost immediately seized under a false charge of carrying arms for a treasonable purpose, and thrown into the guard-house. Early the next morning punishment was adjudged, and he was stripped naked, furnished with a covering of tar and feathers, placed upon a cart, paraded the length of the city and back, and was taken to Liberty Tree. This *brave* act was performed by about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment, with fixed bayonets, and twenty drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March. The procession was headed by Nesbitt with a drawn sword. The indignant

people flocked to Liberty Tree, when the alarmed soldiers fled to their barracks, and the poor man was rescued.

The origin of the punishment by tar and feathers, has been fixed at the period of the Revolution, by most writers. According to the Pictorial History of England, vol. i. page 487, quoted in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature, the "plumeopicean robe" is as old as the crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion made the regulation that "A man convicted of theft or 'pickerie,' was to have his head shaved, and hot pitch poured upon his bare pate, and over the pitch the feathers of some pillow or cushion were to be shaken, as a mark whereby he might be known as a thief."

[39] Caligula was the most detested of the Roman Emperors, because of his ferocious and dissipated character. In the year of our Lord 16, he led an army to the shores of Gaul, for the purpose of invading Britain, but he did not embark. He there ordered a charge to be sounded, and a signal to be made for engaging an enemy. But no enemy of course, appeared. His soldiers were then directed to gather cockle-shells, to be sent to Rome as "spoils of the ocean," and these adorned the ridiculous triumph which a corrupt senate decreed for him.

[40] After a siege of ten years, ancient Troy was taken by the Greeks, through strategy. Finding they could not gain a forcible entrance into the

city, they constructed an enormous wooden horse, introduced many armed men into its body, and then made a pretended retreat toward the sea-shore, leaving the colossal beast near the walls. Sinon, one of the Greek warriors, went to Troy with his hands bound behind him, and solemnly assured the Trojans of the absolute abandonment of the siege by the Greeks. He then advised them to convey the great horse into the city, as a trophy. It was done, and during that night, Sinon opened the secret door in the side of the horse, and let out the armed Greeks. They surprised the Trojans, pillaged the city, and Troy fell!

[41] Colonel Leslie was one of the most useful of the British officers who came to America to "crush the rebellion." He arose to the rank of brigadier, whilst here, and was the last commander-in-chief of the British army at Charleston. His services at the south, under Cornwallis, were very highly commended, and he was generally esteemed by the Americans as a judicious, honorable, and humane commander.

[42] Marblehead was originally a part of Salem, and is about sixteen miles from Boston. It was remarkable for its fishermen at the time of the Revolution. Colonel Glover of the Continental Army, was from that town, and he employed many seamen from that place in conveying the Americans across the East river in the retreat of

the army from Brooklyn to New York in September, 1776. They also transported American stores in boats, from New York to Dobbs' Ferry.

[43] See Homer's description of the battle of the frogs and mice.

[44] On Sunday, the 26th of February, 1775, Colonel Leslie, with about three hundred men, was sent by Gage to seize some brass cannons and gun-carriages in possession of the Americans at Salem. They proceeded very secretly in a transport, which was moored at Marblehead before any of the soldiers appeared. They then rushed ashore, and commenced their march through the town. The people were engaged in public worship. Leslie's intentions being suspected, intelligence was immediately sent to Colonel Timothy Pickering, who called out the minute-men, and at an opened drawbridge near Salem, he confronted the British. A parley ensued, and Leslie agreed that if the people would close the bridge, and let him pass over in due form of invasion, he would immediately return. The terms of the treaty were complied with, and Leslie, like a sensible man, returned to Boston. Had he possessed the folly of some of the British officers, he would have given to Salem the honor which now belongs to Lexington, of having been the scene of the first bloodshed in the Revolution. As it was, the news went to England that in Salem "the Americans had hoisted the standard of liberty."

[45] Concord is a few miles from Lexington. There the stores were concealed, which Gage sought to capture or destroy, when he sent out the detachment that was checked by the minute-men at Lexington.

[46] General Gage, in his letter to Governor Trumbull concerning the affair at Lexington and Concord, pretended that his object in attempting to seize the stores and munitions of war at the latter place, was "to prevent civil war," by taking dangerous weapons out of the hands of the people!

[47] The important question after blood had flowed was, Which party began the war? A great many depositions were taken, and it was fully proven that the British troops first fired on the minute-men at Lexington, and killed several. The fire was promptly returned, however, in self-defence. In reference to this question, a writer in Anderson's *Constitutional Gazette*, published in New York in 1775, thus states the matter:

"*The Quarrel with America fairly stated.*

"Rudely forced to drink tea, Massachusetts in anger
Spills the tea on John Bull—John falls on to bang her;
Massachusetts, enraged, calls her neighbors to aid,
And give Master John a severe bastinade.
Now, good men of the law! pray, who is in fault,
The one who began, or resents the assault?"

[48] In former wars in America, the term *R gular* was applied to the British troops which came from

England, to distinguish them from the provincials, or new levies in America.

[49] This refers to the distance the British had to retreat after the affair at Lexington.

[50] In his account of the skirmishes, General Gage was pleased to say, "Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable activity throughout the whole day."

[51] This is explained in Note 3, Canto I.

[52] Gage endeavored to make light of the fact that he was so hemmed in by the Americans, who had gathered by thousands around Boston; and in his last proclamation, issued before the battle on Breed's Hill, he said, "With a preposterous parade of military arrangements, they affect to hold the army besieged."

[53] The Mystic river is on the northeast side of the Peninsula of Charlestown, on which are Bunker's and Breed's hills.

[54] In a late edition, the two following lines were added after the third line above this reference number:

> "Nay, stern with rage, grins Putnam, boiling,
> Plunder'd both Hogg and Noddle Island."

These were two islands in Boston Harbor, from which the Americans carried off all the cattle, sheep and swine, to prevent their falling into the hands of the British. Gage really had no alternative but to flee, or be driven

> ——— "headlong to the sea."

Howe, who succeeded him in command, was reduced to the same alternative, and in March, 1776, he fled in his ships to Halifax; and the Americans, after a siege of several months, took possession of Boston. The British had been completely hemmed in upon the Boston peninsula from the 19th of April, 1775, until the 17th of March, 1776. Whenever they attempted to penetrate the country, or take possession of any of the islands in the harbor, they were met with determined resistance.

[55] Matthew viii., 32.

[56] The British man-of-war, *Cerberus*, arrived at Boston on the 25th of May, 1775, with Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, three officers experienced in the military tactics of Europe, but unfit, in many respects, to conduct the war then just commenced. General William Howe was commissioned commander-in-chief, in place of General Gage, who was recalled and went to England soon afterward.

[57] Popular belief ascribed very evil effects to comets, and they were generally regarded as omens of calamity.

[58] Abijah White was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, from Marshfield, and a warm adherent of the crown. He possessed very little judgment or discretion, and made himself very ridiculous by the way in which he manifested his zeal. When the loyalists of Marshfield, in public meeting, adopted resolutions which cen-

sured the people of Boston for destroying the tea, he was employed to carry them to that city, and lay them before the governor. Pretending a fear of being robbed of them by the way, he armed himself with gun, pistol and cutlass, and, mounting his horse, appeared like another Hudibras. On arriving at Boston, he caused the momentous document to be published. This act drew upon him some of the wrath, but more of the ridicule of the whigs, and he disappeared from public life forever.

[59] It is related as a fact, that some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, while walking on Beacon hill one night, were much alarmed by noises in the air resembling the whizzing of bullets. They supposed they were missiles from noiseless air-guns, in the hands of the "rebels," and they fled precipitately to their quarters. They gave terrible accounts of this "nefarious business" in their letters to friends at home. The supposed bullets were the common *beetles*, with which we are all made familiar in the warm summer evenings.

[60] British officials, from ministers of state down to subalterns of lowest grade, were fond of threatening the Whigs with the pillory, whipping-post and gibbet. During the war, a son of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, was at school at St. Bees, in England. A gentleman one day asked the tutor, "What boy is this?" "A son of Richard Henry Lee, of America," he replied. The gentle-

man put his hand on the boy's head and remarked, "We shall yet see your father's head upon Tower Hill." The boy promptly replied, "You may have it when you can get it." That boy was the late Ludwell Lee, Esq., of Virginia.

[61] Called also "Heave-offering." Grain and fruit were waved or heaved toward the four cardinal points. It was a special present to the priests. See Numbers, chapter xviii.

[62] Cropping off portions of the ears, tying men to posts and whipping them, and confining them in a standing position in wooden frames called pillories, were barbarous modes of punishment, for light offences, at that time.

[63] Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, represents Christian as setting forth upon his journey with a very heavy bundle of all his sins, original and actual, upon his back.

[64] See Note 38, Canto II. The uniform alluded to was that of tar and feathers. The want of uniform dress in the American Army was a constant theme of ridicule with the British at the beginning of the war. Mr. Kidder, in his history of New Ipswich, gives, from the lips of an old soldier, a graphic description of his company when it joined the army of Gates a little while before the capture of Burgoyne. They all wore small clothes, and "not a pair of boots graced the company." Their coats and waistcoats were as various in colors "as the barks of oak, sumach, and other

trees of our hills and swamps could make them." Their arms were as various as their costume; one had a heavy "Queen Anne" musket, that had 'done service" in the conquest of Canada, and by his side would be a boy, carrying a little Spanish fuzee, captured, perhaps, at Havana. They all used powder-horns instead of cartridge-boxes, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen. A country blacksmith made the swords of many of the officers, and in every particular they were as uncouth as could well be imagined.

[65] The ships that "ravaged our coasts" were not so benign as those of whom Waller sung:

> "Where'er our navy spreads her canvass wings,
> Honor to thee and peace to all she brings."

[66] Phœbus was another name for Apollo, or the Sun.

[67] While the British occupied Boston, they sent out military detachments to the neighboring islands to seize sheep and cattle. Many skirmishes with the Americans ensued on these occasions. And while the army occupied New York, these expeditions were very common, and sometimes resulted in considerable bloodshed. The Americans, also, had frequent occasions to send out foraging parties during the war. It was one of these occasions in which General Wayne was concerned, in New Jersey, opposite New York, that gave a theme to Major André when he wrote the famous poem called

"The Cow Chase." It was during a foraging expedition of the British from Charleston, up the Combahee river, in South Carolina, that the last battle of the Revolution was fought, in which Col. John Laurens was killed.

[68] Charlestown was burned during the battle on Breed's Hill, June 17th, 1775. Falmouth (now Portland, in Maine) was soon afterward destroyed by fire; and on the first of January, 1776, Norfolk, in Virginia, was also consumed, by order of Lord Dunmore. Later in the war, Danbury, Fairfield, and Norwalk were laid in ashes, and attempts were made to destroy other places. At Fairfield, the brutal Hessians, to whom Tryon gave full liberty to ravage and destroy, excited by strong drink, cruelly treated the women who fell into their hands, and whole families were driven into the swamps for shelter against their infernal lusts. Elsewhere, at the North and at the South, this kind of cruel warfare was frequently carried on by British hirelings, assisted by the Tories, who were justly more hated by the people than the Royal troops, or their German fellow mercenaries.

[69] Admiral Graves first appears in the drama of the Revolution, as Commander of the British fleet at Boston, in 1775. He last appeared in the contest in a sea-fight off the Capes of Virginia, a short time before the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781, which was the concluding great military event of the war.

[70] Sir James Wallace, a fussy, blustering, naval commander, had charge of a little fleet of small vessels, in Narraganset Bay, to watch the movements of the Americans, plunder Rhode Island of sheep and cattle for the benefit of the British army in Boston, and to annoy the Americans generally. And he *did* annoy the people very much, and sometimes distressed them very much. When he first sailed into the harbor of Newport, he dispatched a letter, in the following words, to Captain Abraham Whipple, of Providence, who, in 1772, commanded an expedition which burned the *Gaspè* schooner, in Narraganset Bay:

"You, Abraham Whipple, on the 17th of June, 1772, burned His Majesty's vessel, the Gaspè, and I will hang you at the yard-arm.

JAMES WALLACE."

Whipple immediately replied:

"*To Sir James Wallace:*

SIR: Always catch a man before you hang him.

ABRAHAM WHIPPLE."

Wallace was driven out of Narraganset Bay in the spring of 1776, and in the autumn of 1777, he went up the Hudson river and assisted in burning Kingston.

[71] The Sandemanians were a small religious sect, so named because Robert Sandeman, a native of Perth, Scotland, was the founder. Their leading tenet of belief was that "Faith is a mere intellectual belief, a bare belief of the bare truth." They

also believed the Millennium near, and fixed upon the year 1793 as the time for its dawning. Sandeman came to America in 1764, and organized a church or society in Boston, and also in Danbury, Connecticut. He died and was buried at the latter place, in 1771, at the age of 53 years. His remains rest a few feet from those of General David Wooster.

[72] The unjust system of depriving whole families of property because of the political sins of the fathers, was commenced against the adherents of the Crown, first in Massachusetts in 1778, when a vast amount of property belonging to refugees who had fled, and some who ventured to remain, was confiscated. In 1779 the Massachusetts Legislature passed a conspiracy act, which sent into perpetual banishment a large portion of the same persons.

[73] The Tory party in New England worked upon the fears of the credulous and superstitious, by relating wonderful stories of strange appearances in the heavens, and strange noises in the air and under ground, and called them warnings of great troubles, if the Whigs persisted in their iniquitous proceedings. A remarkable meteor and Aurora Borealis were observed at the commencement of the war, and the superstitious were greatly alarmed.

[74] "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." *Song of Deborah*, Judges v. 20.

[75] A play upon the name of Lord North, the Prime Minister.

[76] Referring to a scheme proposed by Hutchinson and Oliver, in their letters to the British Ministry. See Note 98, Canto I. When the Carolinas were first settled, Shaftsbury and Locke proposed a magnificent scheme of aristocratic government in that portion of the New World, known as the Fundamental Constitutions. It contemplated orders of nobility, and all the paraphernalia of aristocracy except a King and Court. Even at that early day the *people* would not listen to such schemes, and they were abandoned.

[77] We have already noticed Hutchinson and Oliver. John Vassal, of Cambridge, was an Addresser of Hutchinson, in 1774, and the next year he was driven from his house by a mob, and made his abode in Boston. Without waiting for Confiscation Laws, the Committee of Safety appropriated some of his property to the public use. Such appropriation consisted chiefly of the products of the land, then in the fields. When Washington arrived at Cambridge, he made Mr. Vassal's house his head-quarters. It is now owned and occupied by Professor Longfellow, the eminent poet. Mr. Vassal went to England, with his family. His property was confiscated in 1778. At the age of sixty years, he died in England. The Vassals were among the earliest and most respectable of the settlers in New England.

[78] These were the titles of James, the brother of Charles the Second, who afterward became King of England. The province of New Netherland was given to him by his brother, and when, by actual conquest, he came into possession of it, the name of the city of New Amsterdam was changed to New York, and that of the town of Fort Orange, near the head of navigation on the Hudson river, to Albany.

[79] James Jauncy was at first inclined to be a whig, and was an associate with Jay and others on the Committee of Correspondence of Fifty. He was a member of the New York Assembly in 1775, and was one of the fourteen of that body who addressed General Gage on "the unhappy contest." He held the office of Master of the Rolls under the Crown; and his property was confiscated. After the war, he applied to the legislature of New York for a restoration of his property.

[80] Samuel Gales was also one of the fourteen Addressers of Gage, who were members of the New York Assembly in 1775.

[81] Colonel Christopher Billop was a man of property and influence. His house is yet (1857) standing on Staten Island, opposite Perth Amboy. It was there that Lord Howe held a conference with a committee of Congress on the subject of peace, in 1776. Colonel Billop was another member of the New York Assembly, who addressed

General Gage. He afterward commanded a corps of Loyalists, was made a prisoner, and was confined in New Brunswick (New Jersey) jail, where he was very harshly treated in retaliation of his cruelties to two American prisoners in his custody. After the war he went to the province of New Brunswick, where he became a prominent man. He died there in 1827, at the age of ninety years.

[82] See notice of Crean Brush, in Note 70, Canto I.

[83] See notice of Isaac Wilkins, D. D. Note 72, Canto I.

[84] Frederick Phillipse, of the Phillipse Manor, in Westchester County, New York, is here alluded to. He was the brother of Mary Phillipse, whose hand was once sought by George Washington, when he was a provincial Colonel. Phillipse was a member of the New York Assembly, and a colonel of militia; and finally, on account of his opposition to the whigs, he felt compelled to leave his home and take refuge under British protection in New York. From thence he went to England. His large property was confiscated, and the British Government afterwards allowed him, in compensation, about three hundred thousand dollars. Colonel Phillipse died in England.

[85] This was Dr. Myles Cooper, already referred to in Note 59, Canto I. He was a noted punster.

[86] John Vardell was educated at King's (now Columbia) College. He there prepared for the ministry, and became a professor in that institution for

a while. He went to England in 1774, to receive orders; and after the death of Dr. Ogilvie, he was appointed to the rectorship of Trinity Church, in New York. He did not accept it, being, as is supposed, in the employment of Government. Before he left for England, he had written several poetical satires on the Sons of Liberty, and was quite noted as a political writer in prose and verse.

[87] Two High Church clergymen of New York, already noticed.

[88] In note 9, Canto II, we have referred to the materials of which the old peerage of England was created. Adam was "created" of the dust of the ground. So the English technical phrase of "creating" a peer seems to be very appropriate, when we turn back to that old peerage, for surely it was of "low degree."

[89] See Note 47, Canto II, concerning the responsibility of striking the first blow.

[90] These are the Alleghany Mountains, which extend from the State of New York to that of Georgia. They were then on the western frontier of the English settlements in America.

[91] The province of Georgia had not joined the union when the first Canto (of which this is a part) of McFingal was written. Georgia was represented in the next Congress, however.

[92] See Note 29, Canto II.

[93] Demosthenes pursued a course of very severe

self-training, so as to excel in oratory. In order to acquire for his voice a mastery over greater sounds, he used to stand upon the sea-shore, in storms, and declaim amidst the roar of the waves. By this means he was enabled to make his words heard and heeded in the tumult of a great assembly.

[94] See Note 25, Canto I.

[95] At that time, and until a quite recent period, the pulpits in this country were covered by a canopy called a "sounding board," to assist in making the preacher's voice heard by the whole congregation. Drawings of such pulpits may be seen in Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, vol. i. p. 254, and vol. ii. p. 215.

[96] The Parcæ or Fates of ancient mythology were *Clotho* the spinster, who spins the thread of our existence; *Lachesis*, the allotter of our destinies; and *Atropos*, the unchangeable, whose shears clip the thread when life's mission is fulfilled.

[97] The Furiæ of mythology were *Alecto*, the unceasing; *Megæra*, the envier or denier; and *Tisiphone*, the blood-avenger.

[98] See Æsop's Fables.

[99] Genesis, Chapter xi.

[101] On some day in the week previous to the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the New England Churches, a sermon was preached which was called a lecture, and that

day was known as lecture-day. These lectures were generally very thinly attended; a fact here alluded to by the poet.

CANTO III.

[1] See Note 103, Canto I.

[2] See *Gulliver's Travels*, by Dean Swift. The Brobdignagians are represented as a race of giants.

[3] "His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great Admiral, were but a wand."
Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I.

[4] At an early period of the contest, after the close of the session of the first Continental Congress in the autumn of 1774, the Americans used a flag with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, to signify *union*. The stars on a blue ground were not used until late in 1777. Congress adopted the following resolution on the 14th of June of that year: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This Canto was written at the close of the contest.

[5] A mixed liquor, consisting of beer and spirits sweetened, and warmed by thrusting a hot iron into it.

[6] A female, celebrated by the ancient poets as skilled in magic arts and a knowledge of subtle poisons. She inhabited an Island, and all those who approached her were first feasted, and then, on tasting the contents of her magic cup, were changed into swine. She may properly be regarded as the representation of Alcohol, or of sensual indulgence in general.

[7] Nectar, in mythology and poetry, was the beverage used by the Gods.

[8] At that time fire engines were not introduced into this country. Leather buckets were kept in almost every house, and especially by the members of fire companies, to be used for the purpose of extinguishing fires. One set of men were appointed to use instruments for breaking into or pulling down buildings, and others, called "bucket men," supplied water.

[9] From time immemorial high poles, called *May-poles*, have been raised in England on the first day of May, and profusely garlanded with leaves and flowers in honor of the day, the ushering in of the summer wealth of the land. May-poles were places for joyful gatherings of the young, and doubtless suggested liberty-poles as the rallying points for public meetings. See Note 103, Canto I.

[10] Genesis, Chapter xi.

[11] Alluding to the electric conductors, or lightning rods, of Dr. Franklin, then becoming quite common in America and Europe.

[12] See Note 7, Canto I.

[13] Numbers, Chapter xxi. v. 9.

[14] The great Charter of England, obtained by the English Barons, of King John, at Runnymede, in the year 1215. In other words, a *fundamental constitution*, which guaranties rights and privileges.

[15] This is in allusion to the depreciation of the Continental paper money. Congress ascertained the cause of its declension at different periods, by what was called a Scale of Depreciation.

[16] A grand national festival of the Jews, held every fiftieth year, when all debts were cancelled, all prisoners and slaves were liberated, and when all lands and estates, whether they had been sold or mortgaged, were restored to the original proprietor. It was ushered in with trumpets and the most vehement demonstrations of joy.

[17] The courts of justice were everywhere closed at the commencement of the war, and those Judges who had been appointed by the Crown, and persisted in holding their seats, were driven from the court-rooms by the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed with white staves, the insignia of order.

[18] Alluding to the seizure of the property of Tories or Loyalists in the neighborhood of Bos-

ton, after their flight into that city. See Note 163, Canto IV.

[19] An old method of mild punishment, used even as far back as the time of the early Jews. The feet were confined in a wooden frame-work, so that the sitting delinquent could not move them, and in that situation he was subjected to the scoffs and rude insults of passers by. Hudibras, the great prototype of M'Fingal, was subjected to such punishment.

[20] The Loyalists often taunted the Whigs because some of their leaders were mechanics and tradesmen. In the temporary theatres established by the British in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, during the war, these taunts formed a staple of the amusements. And these were continued long afterward. On one occasion a play was in course of performance in a London theatre, in which American officers were represented as mechanics of every kind. In the midst of the hilarity which the play occasioned on that account, an American sailor in the gallery shouted, "Hurrah! England whipt by cobblers and tailors!" The tables were turned upon John Bull.

[21] Unfortunately for Benedict Arnold, when his overt act of treason became known, he had not the redeeming antecedents of a good character to fall back upon. In early life he was an apothecary, and those with whom he served an apprenticeship in Norwich, Connecticut, set him up in

business in New Haven, where he also kept books and a general store. His sign—"B. Arnold, Druggist, Bookseller, &c., from London,"—is yet in existence. He also became interested in the West India trade, and made several voyages thither. He sometimes traded in horses; and it is said that the minute knowledge of the city of Quebec, displayed by him when he led troops across the wilderness to that place, in 1775, was obtained during his previous visits there for the purpose of buying horses. He finally failed in business, became a bankrupt, and was charged with saving a good deal of money by perjury. In this sentence there is an allusion to a curious lawsuit which he instituted against a brother skipper for slander.

[22] The author here remarks, in a Note, that "M'Fingal having here inserted the names and characters of several great men, whom the public have not yet fully detected, it is thought proper to omit sundry paragraphs of his speech in the present edition." These were never added.

[23] *Hudibras*, a satirical epic by Samuel Butler, is one of the few productions of that kind aimed at living characters or systems, which have survived their age. *Hudibras* is a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. It was published after the restoration of monarchy; and it is understood that *Sir Hudibras*, the chief hero of the epic, was the

representation of Sir Samuel Luke, a well known Bedfordshire gentleman, one of Cromwell's favorite officers. His character is strongly marked by the peculiarities of that period. Butler's model for the actions of his hero was Don Quixotte, of Cervantes. Hudibras is considered not only the best burlesque of the Puritans, but the best satire in the English language.

[24] This is a thrust at the many glaring defects in the *Articles of Confederation*—the original constitution of the Federal Union. They served a good purpose while the union was cemented by the necessities of the existing war; but when Congress attempted to control the action of any of the States, it was powerless. These defects were so grave, that Washington and others took measures to have a revision of those fundamental statutes. A convention for that purpose was called, when it was found to be wiser to make a new machine than to attempt to patch up the old one; and a second convention framed the present Federal Constitution, in the year 1787.

[25] In issuing bills of credit, and in other transactions, Congress "pledged the faith of the United States," when, in fact, the States were not individually bound, by the old confederation, to redeem that pledge. The British ministry would not recognize the Congress as a legal body, and for a long time refused to hold any communication with its members, except as private individuals. And

General Howe, under ministerial instructions, at first addressed letters to the American commander-in-chief, as "Mr. Washington," alleging that his commission was not valid, because not given by a legal body. Of course the general refused to receive any communications thus addressed, and Howe was compelled to yield.

[26] Roger Bacon was a wonderful philosopher of the thirteenth century. He became a Franciscan monk, but his scientific discoveries and pursuits were so far above the comprehension of his associates and the age in which he lived, that he was generally regarded as a magician. Many stories of his magic arts were circulated; among others, that he possessed a human head of brass, out of which issued wise oracles. His fellow-monks became afraid of him, discarded his books, and finally procured his imprisonment for twelve long years. He undoubtedly discovered gunpowder and the telescope, and made many wonderful experiments in chemistry. In his treatises he couched his information in allegorical figures, and the then ignorant world was left to guess at his meaning. All may be interpreted by the light of science at the present time.

[27] This political plan of Trinculo, the jester, in the *Tempest*, may be found in the old folio editions of Shakspeare, but, for some reason, it has been expunged by his commentators, and does not now appear.

[28] The Centipede.

[29] The English Constitution comprehends the whole body of laws by which the British people are governed. Lord Bolingbroke made this nice distinction: "This assemblage of laws is distinguished from the term *government* in this respect; that the *Constitution* is the rule by which the sovereign ought to rule at all times, and *government* is that by which he does govern at any particular time."

[30] See Note 76, Canto I.

[31] We have already alluded in Note 83, Canto I., to the destruction of tea in Boston harbor. It was done immediately after the breaking up of a popular meeting in the Old South Church, Boston, on the evening of the 16th of December, 1773. Mr. Josiah Quincy had pronounced an eloquent and stirring speech in the course of the afternoon. Twilight approached, and a call was made for candles. At that moment, a person in the gallery, disguised as a Mohawk Indian, raised the war-whoop, and was immediately answered from without. Another voice cried out, "Boston Harbor a tea-pot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" At that wharf the two tea-ships were moored. The meeting broke up in great excitement, and several persons, disguised as Indians, were seen to cross Fort Hill to Griffin's wharf. There was evident concert of action, and about fifteen or twenty persons thus disguised, with others differently con-

cealed, went on board the ships, deliberately took the chests of tea from the holds, broke them open, and cast their contents into the water. Three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were thus destroyed.

[32] The tea-ships were watched for twenty successive nights by parties of young men, to prevent the landing of the cargo. Under the Indian disguise, when the tea was destroyed, might have been seen ruffled shirts and laced vests; for those who performed that act were among the most respectable residents of Boston. Samuel Adams, the sturdy patriot, was one of them.

[33] The *moccasin* is the flexible Indian shoe, generally made of the tanned deer-skin, and is often highly ornamented.

[34] Wampum was the *money* of the Indians, and constituted expensive ornaments. It was made of the clear parts of the clam-shell, wrought into the form of small cylinders, like the beads of our day known as *bugles*, and about half an inch in length. They were arranged in *strings* and *belts*. When used for ornaments, they were disposed in alternate layers of white and black. As a circulating medium, they were valued at about two cents for three black beads, or six of the white ones. They were strung in parcels to represent a penny, three pence, a shilling, and five shillings of white, and double that amount in black. The allusion to "laces" refers to the respectable charac-

ter of the persons engaged in the destruction of the tea, as mentioned in a preceding note.

[35] That is, *painted* their faces. A single coat of paint is technically called a priming.

[36] The British soldiers, whose coats were made of scarlet cloth, were called Red-coats. In allusion to the same color, the provincial troops in the French and Indian war sometimes called the British Regulars, "lobsters."

[37] Governor Hutchinson was very much alarmed at the proceedings of the populace in destroying the tea, and very early the next morning he retired secretly to his country-seat at Milton, a short distance from the city. There he received an intimation that the mob was coming to pull down his house. With the utmost haste he escaped across the fields. The story was current at the time, that he was half-shaved by the barber when the alarming news reached him, and that in such plight—"in the suds" and bare-headed, he fled.

[38] See Note 85, Canto I.

[39] This alludes to the general breaking-up of all the councils of the royal governors in the colonies. These officials, unable to stem the current of public opinion and popular indignation, were compelled to relinquish their power and leave the country.

[40] Although some of the earlier organizations of the Sons of Liberty took place in the city of New York, yet the Loyalists held sway there in the public councils longer than in any other province.

When the Provincial Congress met on the 22d of May, 1775, its political complexion greatly disappointed the people; for much timidity prevailed in the Assembly, and under the influence of Governor Tryon and the municipal authority, a majority of the members were favorable to conciliatory measures, instead of vigorous preparations for defence. For this reason New York was taunted as loyal, when the great mass of the people were really whig to the core.

[41] When the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord became known in New York, Captain Isaac Sears, one of the boldest of the patriots of the day, was in custody on a charge of making treasonable propositions to the people. He was about to be taken to prison, when the populace took him forcibly from the officers, and bore him in triumph through the town, preceded by a band of music and a banner. This is the occurrence alluded to by Dr. Auchmuty in Note 57, Canto I. The people also took possession of the City Hall, armed themselves, and, led by John Lamb, Marinus Willett, John Morin Scott, and others, they embargoed all vessels in the harbor, laden with provisions for the British army in Boston. A cargo of rum for the patriots arrived. The collector of the port would not allow it to be landed. Sears and Lamb, with a large concourse of people, took possession of it, carried it to its destination in the city, and, returning to the custom-house, they demanded and

received the keys of that establishment, dismissed the employées, and closed the building. All the money and arms in the custom-house were seized; and during the summer many of such overt acts of rebellion were committed by the highly exasperated people. Tories were insulted; and on one occasion, when the Sons of Liberty were carrying off the cannon from Fort George and the Battery, and the *Asia* man-of-war fired upon them, the story was circulated that the city was about to be pillaged and burnt. Hundreds of men, women and children, frightened by the rumor, hurried off at midnight beyond the suburbs of the doomed town.

[42] This is in allusion to the quandary in which events placed William Smith, an eminent lawyer of New York, who seemed very desirous of being on the strongest side. He first opposed the measures of Great Britain, but finally adhered to the crown, and became a very decided Loyalist. He was brother to Joshua Hett Smith, who figured in the Arnold and André episode. Smith afterward became Chief Justice of Canada.

[43] Burning or hanging the effigy of an obnoxious officer was a common practice, and is still continued. It was an indication of the public sentiment against a man, and was practised here in imitation of a former custom of the English, in burning annually effigies of the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender.

[44] In almost every case of effigy burning, that of the Devil was associated with the mortal offender. Thus, when in 1765 a mob in New York burned the effigy of Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden, they placed an image of the Devil, with a *boot* in his hand, by his side. The boot (used also in caricatures of that period) was a representation of the Earl of Bute, mentioned in Note 7, Canto I., because of a similarity in the orthoepy.

[45] William Tryon had figured as an oppressor, from 1768 to 1771, in North Carolina, where a party calling themselves *Regulators*, in the western part of the State, raised the standard of rebellion. He became governor of New-York, and held that office when the war broke out. Like other royal governors, he was compelled to yield to popular indignation, and he retaliated as a military leader. We shall meet him again.

[45] Joseph Galloway was an influential and very popular Whig leader in Pennsylvania at the commencement of troubles. He had worked shoulder to shoulder with Dr. Franklin in the Pennsylvania Assembly against the Proprietaries, and was a member of the First Continental Congress in 1774. After a while, when there appeared no chance for reconciliation with Great Britain, he wavered; and in 1776 he abandoned the Whigs, wrote much against them, and became one of the most violent and proscriptive Loyalists of the time. He joined the royal army in New York, and from thence he

went to England in 1778, where he remained until his death in 1803. Just before his escape, a trunk was put on board a vessel in the Delaware, directed to Joseph Galloway, Esq. It contained only, as Shakspeare says,

"A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself."

His examination before the House of Commons was a remarkable episode in the history of that period. He was in continual correspondence with Loyalists in America for many years, upon subjects connected with the war. His estate in Pennsylvania, valued at $200,000, was confiscated; but a greater portion of it was afterward restored to his daughter, it having been originally derived from his wife.

[47] Mainprize, in law, is a writ directed to a sheriff, commanding him to take sureties for the prisoner's appearance, and to let him go at large. The allusions in this sentence are to the retreat of the British, after the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord. The minute-men, concealed behind stone-walls, bushes and buildings, galled them terribly. A greater part of the loss of the enemy on that day occurred from this mode of warfare.

[48] It was a favorite method of the royal officers, when speaking of the "rebels," or in making propositions to them, to say, "The door of mercy is shut," or "it will soon be shut," and "Vengeance shall sleep no more."

[49] Dagon, the chief idol-god of the Philistines, represented with the body of a man, and the tail of a fish. 1 Samuel v. 1–5.

[50] The Tory clergy always spoke of the king as The Lord's Anointed.

[51] Joshua, chapter vi.

[52] When the people had fairly lifted the arm of open resistance, they would not acknowledge the king as ruler in any form. Henry Laurens boldly asserted his independence in this particular, even while a state prisoner, on a charge of treason, in the Tower of London, in 1781. He was at first treated very rigorously, but the people of England became so clamorous because of the injustice, that ministers were very anxious to relieve themselves of the odium. He was offered pardon if he would ask it. He nobly refused, because he had done nothing that required pardon. Then the ministry procured bail for him, intending that his release from confinement, under that form of law, should be perpetual. When, in reading the form, the clerk of the court repeated the words, "Our sovereign Lord and King," the prisoner immediately said, "Not *my* Sovereign," and refused to acknowledge George the Third as such. He was bailed, and then joined the commission to negotiate for peace between the two countries.

[53] Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 12. The Lapithæ and Centaurs were hostile tribes of Thessaly.

The latter, because always seen on horseback, were said to be half men and half horses.

[54] Bacchus was the god of Wine—the tutelar deity of inebriates—a personification of sensual indulgence.

[55] Pallas was one of the names of the goddess Minerva, as opposed to the wild war-god, Mars; and she was the patroness and teacher of just and scientific warfare. She was the presiding deity in the Parthenon at Athens.

[56] Mars was the great god of War in the Greek mythology.

[57] Iris was the daughter of *Thaumas and Electra*—Wonder and Brightness—and was the goddess of the Rainbow.

[58] In this the reader will readily observe the allusions to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus, as described by Homer; and of Æneas and Turnus, mentioned by Virgil. Also of Michael and Satan, in Milton's Paradise Lost, Book VI.

[59] It was the fashion in New England at that time for Judges to wear swords, on the bench.

[60] Vulcan was the god of Fire, the great mechanic of the Greek mythology. Mount Etna and other volcanoes were regarded as his forges, and, according to the legends, he made implements of war for the old Grecian heroes.

[61] ——— "The sword
Was given him tempered so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist its edge: it met

The sword of Satan with *steep force* to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer."
Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

[62] Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

[63] This idea is from Juvenal, Satire 15.

[64] Alluding to the large people described in *Gulliver's Travels*, already mentioned, and to the popular belief that the Patagonians who inhabit the southern extremity of South America, were giants in stature.

[65] "And earth self-balanced on her centre hung."
Milton.

[66] Aristophanes, in his Comedy of The Clouds, represents Socrates as hoisted in a basket. The object was to aid him in contemplation.

[67] The hatchel was an implement used in domestic manufacture to clean the coarser from the finer fabric of the flax, when preparing it for spinning. It was made of a piece of plank, with a large number of iron spikes driven through, and standing upright and close together. Through them the flax was drawn by hand, and the *tow* was separated from the finer fibre.

[68] See Note 19, Canto III.

[69] At that time the barbarous practice of clipping off a part or the whole of the ears of criminals was in vogue. It was called *cropping*.

[70] See Note 87, Canto I.

[71] Israel Williams was a member of the Massachusetts Assembly for many years, and became a

Mandamus Councillor in 1774. That fact brought Whig vengeance upon him. Though old and quite infirm, a mob took him from his house one night, carried him several miles, and put him into a room with fire. They then closed the doors and the top of the chimney, and kept him there in the smoke several hours. On being released he was compelled to sign a sort of recantation, drawn up by one of his tormentors.

[72] Thomas Oliver, of Cambridge, who mingled but little in politics. He was the last Royal Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. His house was mobbed on the morning of September 2, 1774, because of his refusal to resign his seat as President of the Mandamus Council. They compelled him to make a sort of resignation in writing. Governor Oliver went to Halifax with the British troops, and from thence to England. He died at Bristol in 1815.

[73] See Note 59, Canto I.

[74] It is a curious fact, that the mobs in New England at that time always conducted their proceedings after the prescribed legal forms, when they tried and condemned Tories.

[75] This was in retaliation and imitation of the outrageous conduct of Colonel Nesbitt, mentioned in Note 38, Canto II. Sometimes those who received a coat of tar and feathers were placed astride a rail, and were thus paraded through the town.

[76] The Jewish kings were "anointed" by the High Priest before they were crowned, by having perfumed oil poured upon their heads. Hence the cant of Tory clergymen at that time, in calling King George "The Lord's Anointed." To this day an allusion to the ancient practice is contained in the expression "By the Grace of God, King," &c.

[77] See Claudian's *Gigantomachia.*

[78] Enceladus was one of the Giants or Titans who warred against Jove. As he fled, Minerva flung the Island of Sicily upon him, when, according to the poets, his motions caused the eruptions of Ætna.

[79] Mai was the mother of Mercury. See Note 24, Canto I.

[80] "A seraph winged; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine."

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book V.

[81] The Gorgons were three sisters—*Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa,* whose hairs were entwined with serpents, and they had wings of gold. Their hands were of brass, and their bodies were covered with impenetrable scales. Their teeth were as long as the tusks of a wild boar, and they turned to stone all those upon whom they fixed their eyes. *Chimera* was a terrible monster, that vomited fire. It had the head and neck of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent.

[82] Plato's famous definition of man was, *animal*

bipes implumis: "a two-legged animal without feathers."

[83] In ancient Rome, the union of two men in the same office was called a Duumvirate. Several kinds of offices were thus filled by two persons at the same time.

[84] Livy mentions the fact that an owl having been discovered in Rome, it was considered an omen of great evil. It was caught, taken from temple to temple, where lustrations were performed, and in great and solemn procession the Romans conducted the ill-omened bird beyond the walls, and set it at liberty in the forest.

[85] Votes were frequently passed at town meetings in New England, with a view to prevent the augmentation of prices of various articles, and to stop the depreciation of Continental money.

[86] A shell-fish which often adheres to the bottoms of ships at sea (as well as rocks and timber) in such quantities as to impede their progress.

[87] "I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay."
. . . . Ticknell's *Ballad.*

[88] In the debate on Lord North's first proposition in Parliament, in February, 1775, to use coercive measures against the Colonies, the celebrated John Wilkes, then a member of the House of Commons, took a conspicuous part in favor of the

Americans. He declared that "a proper resistance to wrong was *revolution*, not *rebellion*," and prophetically intimated that if the Americans were successful in the struggle then commenced, they might, in after times, celebrate the Revolution of 1775, as the English did that of 1688, when they drove the last of the Stuart kings from the throne.

CANTO IV.

[1] The Tories during the Revolution, being not only in the minority, but more hated by the Whigs than were the British soldiery, were compelled to use great caution, and their secret meetings were held in cellars and other lurking-places.

[2] The great hall or council-chamber of evil spirits. A description of it, in *Paradise Lost*, Book I., is one of the most sublime creations of Milton's genius, and has been embodied by art, by the fine pencil of Martin of our day.

[3] In all New England cellars, *bins* are furnished for vegetables in winter. They are generally about four feet in height, and form good places for concealment.

[4] —"His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined."
Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book

[5] It must be remembered how the Whigs had just robed poor Squire McFingal in tar and feathers.

[6] See Note 6, Canto I.

[7] See Note 98, Canto I.

[8] Drunk on flip. See Note 5, Canto III.

[9] Tar is procured from the pine and fir trees, by burning the wood by a close smothering heat.

[10] "To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day."

Chevy Chase.

[11] John Malcolm was a Scotchman, who settled in North Carolina after the famous rebellion of 1745. He was aid to Governor Tryon in 1771, when he went against the Regulators. [See Note 12, Canto IV.] He afterward became a custom-house officer at Falmouth (now Portland), in Maine; and early in 1774, he was in a similar position in Boston. He was an insolent man. One day he struck a tradesman for an alleged insult, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The constable pretended he could not find him. A mob gathered about his house, when he thrust a sword through a broken window and wounded one of them. They broke in, found him in a chamber, lowered him by a rope from a window to a cart, tore off his clothes, tarred and feathered

him, and dragged him through several of the streets, with a rope around his neck, to Liberty Tree. From there he was taken to a gallows on Boston Neck, beaten, and threatened with death. In the course of an hour, he was conveyed to the extreme north end of the town; and then, after being bruised, and benumbed with cold for four hours, they took him back to his house. What became of him afterward, is not on record. He was despised by both parties, and became equally malevolent toward Whigs and Tories.

[12] The rapacity of officials in North Carolina, caused a great increase in the taxes of the province during the adminstration of Governor Tryon. The oppression was real—not an abstract *principle*, as in New England. The people in the interior associated for protection, and as already mentioned, they called themselves *Regulators* of public affairs. In the spring of 1771, their operations became open rebellion, and Tryon marched to subdue them with a strong militia force. The belligerents met on the Allamance, a tributary of the Haw, in Allamance County. While in opposing battle order, Malcolm, Tryon's aid above mentioned, was sent with a flag of truce. Recent perfidy on the part of Tryon, made the Regulators reckless of the rules of war, and they immediately fired on the bearer. Malcolm took to his heels, and, as tradition avers, the buttons of his small

clothes gave way in his haste. "He saved his life," however, and cared little for the ridicule.

[13] There is in the scene that follows, a general allusion to the appearance and speech of Hector's Ghost, in the second book of Virgil's Æneid.

[14] In 1715, a son of James the Second of England, who had been acknowledged king of that realm, as James the Third, by Louis the Fourteenth of France, set up his standard in Scotland, and caused a rebellion there. It was suppressed, and the *Pretender*, as the prince was called, escaped to the continent. In 1745, his son, Charles Edward, landed in Scotland, proclaimed his father king of Great Britain, and caused another serious rebellion. That, too, was suppressed the following year, and many of the Highlanders who were implicated came to America, and settled in the Carolinas, as voluntary or involuntary refugees. Among them was the famed Flora McDonald. This was "the last rebellion" alluded to by the poet.

[15] "Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new."
Waller.

[16] Æneas was a celebrated Trojan warrior, whose adventures and wanderings form the subject of Virgil's Æneid.

[17] Orpheus was a Greek poet, musician, and philosopher. His beloved wife Eurydice died, and

the disconsolate husband determined to descend to the regions of Pluto, and attempt to induce the powers of the lower world to allow her to return to the domain of light. His music charmed all the gods of the infernal regions. His wife was released, and allowed to follow him, on condition that he should not look back upon her until they had passed the confines of darkness. His impatience made him violate the conditions, and she was lost to him for ever.

[18] Erebus, in the old mythology, or Orcus, in the ancient Latin religion, was the region of darkness. They were the same as Hades and Pluto of the Greeks.

[19] Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book xi.

[20] Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book xi. Euphrasy is a genus of plant, sometimes called eye-bright. Rue is a bitter plant, and the two compounded, were formerly used in making eye-water to strengthen the vision.

[21] The general rising of all the colonies to resistance, after the meeting of the first Continental Congress in the autumn of 1774, is here alluded to. Each colony had its particular flag.

[22] The American Congress resolved, in the summer of 1775, to invade Canada. An army under General Schuyler went down Lake Champlain; Schuyler sickened and returned to Albany General Richard Montgomery took the command and at the close of August, he appeared before St.

John on the Sorel, the first military post within the Canadian lines. He captured the fort and garrison, and pushing forward, captured Montreal, on the nothern bank of the St. Lawrence, on the 13th of November. Flushed with success, he pushed forward toward his grand destination, Quebec. He first besieged and then attempted to storm the city. The attack was unsuccessful, and there Montgomery lost his life.

[23] In the summer of 1777, Lieutenant-general Burgoyne, with a large force of British, Germans, and Canadian soldiers, and a horde of Indians, invaded New York by the way of Lake Champlain. He captured Ticonderoga in July, and pressing forward, reached Saratoga on the upper Hudson, in September. The Americans fortified Bemis's Heights near Stillwater, to oppose him. A hard-fought battle occurred. Burgoyne was driven back, and after another battle early in October, he was compelled to surrender his whole force of more than five thousand men.

[24] Before he crossed the Hudson, a little above Stillwater, Burgoyne was induced to send an expedition to Bennington in Vermont, to capture needful stores and cattle, for his provision had become very scarce. Five hundred Germans, Canadians, and Tories, and one hundred Indians, all commanded by a German officer, composed the expedition. Colonel John Stark, with the New Hampshire militia, met them in the town of Hoosick, a

few miles from Bennington, and after a severe engagement, totally routed the invaders. This defeat was a very severe blow to Burgoyne.

[25] The British held possession of a strong fort on Stony Point, a small rocky promontory, jutting into the Hudson river a few miles below the lower entrance to the Highlands. On the night of the 15th July, 1779, General Anthony Wayne led a choice band of soldiers to surprise the garrison. He was entirely successful; and though severely wounded in the head, he wrote to Washington, on the ramparts, at two o'clock in the morning, "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours." It was one of the most brilliant events of the war.

[26] After being driven before the British host, across New Jersey, Washington and his handful of half-starving, half-naked troops, stood shivering in cold December, on the Pennsylvania shores of the Delaware, opposite Trenton. A detachment of Hessians, under Colonel Rall, occupied that post. Christmas day approached. Washington knew full well that the Germans would have a carouse on that day, and therefore would be weaker and less guarded than usual. On Christmas night he crossed the Delaware in boats, in the midst of floating ice, eight miles above Trenton, and early in the morning, fell upon the Hessians while their commander was yet drinking with boon companions. The Hessians were captured, and were taken across the river as prison-

ers. This bold and brilliant stroke alarmed the British, and gave new courage to the desponding Americans.

[27] Encouraged by his success at Trenton, Washington resolved to act on the offensive. He crossed the Delaware and took post at Trenton. Cornwallis marched against him from Princeton ten miles distant, leaving Colonel Mawhood in command of a detachment there. Cornwallis encamped on one side of a small stream, opposite the American army, on the evening of the 2d of January, 1777, intending to make an easy capture of the "rebels" in the morning. During the night, Washington secretly withdrew; and at dawn, while Cornwallis was rubbing his opening eyelids, he heard the booming of Washington's cannon at Princeton. At first he thought the sound was thunder; he was soon undeceived. The Americans, after a severe skirmish at Princeton, defeated and routed Mawhood, who was greatly applauded for his skill in escaping with two hundred men. Cornwallis came to his assistance, but Washington had hastened forward, and was soon far beyond his reach in the hill-country of the Jerseys.

[28] In September, 1777, the Americans under Washington, had a severe battle with the British under Howe and Cornwallis, on the Brandywine Creek, in lower Pennsylvania, and were defeated with much loss. The British also suffered much loss on that occasion. Not long afterward (early

in October) there was a severe battle at Germantown, in which the Americans and British lost many men; and during that month and November, many more were slain at forts Mifflin and Mercer, on the Delaware, a little below Philadelphia. These events are alluded to by the poet.

[29] This phraseology reminds us of the following passage in Milton:

> "Have ye chosen this place,
> After the toils of battle, to repose
> Your wearied virtue; for the ease ye find
> To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?"

[30] See Note 24, Canto II.

[31] The Scotch Highlanders in North Carolina, already mentioned in Note 14, Canto IV, were generally Loyalists, and at the commencement of 1776, they were organized, enrolled, and armed for the royal cause, under Donald McDonald, who was commissioned a brigadier-general by Martin, the royal governor. McDonald set up his standard at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville), and prepared for conflict. The patriot militia of neighboring districts under Carroll, Moore, and Lillington, marched against them. They met on Moore's Creek, in Hanover county, and on the 27th of February, a severe engagement occurred there. A great many of the Scotchmen were killed, many were made prisoners, and the remainder were

routed and dispersed. Among the prisoners was the husband of Flora McDonald.

[82] In the autumn of 1780, Major Patrick Ferguson, an active officer under Cornwallis, was sent into the mountain districts of South Carolina, to embody the Tories. Early in October, he crossed the Broad River into the Yorkville district, with about fifteen hundred Loyalists, and encamped on King's Mountain. Several corps of Whig militia were united to oppose him, and attacked his camp there on the 7th of October. It was a bloody conflict; Ferguson was killed, and his party were totally defeated, with great loss. This side-engagement was as disastrous to Cornwallis, then marching to invade North Carolina, as was that of Bennington to Burgoyne.

[83] Three months after the victory of the Americans on King's Mountain, General Morgan gained another over Colonel Tarleton at the Cowpens, in the same neighborhood. It was a very brilliant affair, and still more weakened the power of Cornwallis. Tarleton, who was an exceedingly active officer, managed to escape, closely pursued by Colonel William Washington. These two officers had a personal engagement during the pursuit, and Tarleton was wounded in the hand. Afterward, Tarleton was in the company of a witty Whig lady in North Carolina, and remarked in a contemptuous manner, "I would like to see this Colonel Washington of whom you speak so much."

'Had you looked behind you at the battle of the Cowpens, you might have seen him," retorted the lady. Having remarked to her sister, "I understand this Colonel Washington cannot write his name," glancing at Tarleton's scarred hand, the lady instantly replied, "You will acknowledge that he knows how *to make his mark.*"

[34] General Greene, who succeeded General Gates in the command of the Southern Army, was successful during the spring and summer of 1781, in gradually driving the British toward the seaboard. Marching slowly down the Santee, he fell upon the British at Eutaw Springs, on the morning of the 8th of September. A bloody battle ensued, in which neither party gained an absolute victory. It was disastrous to both, but especially so to the British. Although they held the field at the end of the conflict, they immediately abandoned it, and fled percipitately toward Charleston.

[35] Fabius was a successful Roman general, and the great opponent of Hannibal. He was remarkable for his caution. He made many marches and countermarches, and would never be drawn into battle in a disadvantageous position. Because of this system, which in time always worked favorably, he was called "the delayer," and was much censured by the young and reckless officers. Washington pursued a similar course throughout the war, and with the same success; yet he was often censured for his "Fabian slowness."

[36] An English philosophical writer of that name, carried the ideal system of Locke so far as to deny the existence of matter.

[37] This is in allusion to the oft-repeated assertions in parliamentary resolves, in speeches from the throne and the people, and in proclamations, that Britain was *omnipotent*.

[38] These two lines are omitted in the revised editions of 1820; and the last one preceding them was altered so as to read

"Absent from home, or fast asleep?"

[39] The boast of British orators of that day.

[40] Thus British orators and writers alluded to Great Britain oftentimes with much display of pompous declamation.

[41] There was an English ballad, very famous and much sung at that time, in which Neptune (styled *The Watry God*) is made, with great deference, to surrender his trident to King George, and to acknowledge him as monarch and ruler of the ocean. A hundred years before, Waller wrote:

"They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea."

And again,

"Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode."

[42] See Note 47, Canto I.

[43] The *Erse* was the ancient language of Scotland. See Note 5, Canto I.

[44] The old poets aver that Thetis, the mother of Achilles, desirous of making him invulnerable, plunged his whole body into the river Styx (the water that divides mortality from immortality), except his heel, by which she held him. Tradition asserts that he was finally slain by an arrow which penetrated his heel. There are various traditions and myths concerning this celebrated hero of the Trojan War.

[45] A kibe is a chap or crack occasioned by cold, or an ulcerated chilblain, as in the heels.

[46] Paris was a son of Priam, king of Troy, and was regarded as the cause of the ruin of his country, as predicted by Æsacus, the soothsayer, at his birth. He seduced and carried to Troy, Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, king of Crete. This outrage led to the siege of Troy, its fall, and the fulfilment of the predictions of Æsacus. Tradition relates that Paris hurled the fatal arrow into the heel of Achilles.

[47] Job, chapter ii.

[48] The poet here alludes to the popular scandal concerning the intimacy of General William Howe with the wife of Joshua Loring, the commissary of prisoners, mentioned in Note 91, Canto I. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, says in similar words:

> "The sun had long since, in the lap
> Of Thetis, taken out his nap."

[49] On Sunday evening, March 3, 1776, General Thomas, with two thousand men, and proper entrenching tools, cattle and carts, went secretly to Dorchester Heights (now in South Boston), and there, in the bright moonlight, unobserved by the British in the city, they piled up huge fortifications before the dawn, under the direction of Richard Gridley, a veteran engineer. At break of day, the breastworks were sufficiently high to afford ample protection to the Americans. Howe, overwhelmed with astonishment, exclaimed when he saw those formidable works, "What shall I do? The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month!" They had even done more than pile up the earth—they had placed cannons upon those mounds, and with these commanded the town and harbor of Boston. From that moment, Howe sought means for escape, and finally, through the wisdom and leniency of Washington, he was allowed to sail away for Halifax, unmolested, and followed by more than three thousand Loyalists, who dared not brave the indignation of the victorious Patriots.

[50] The Titans are described by the ancient poets as giants, sons of the earth, who rebelled against Jupiter, the supreme ruler of the universe. They heaped mountains upon mountains, in order to scale Olympus, on whose apex was the throne of Jupiter. They were driven back, discomfited by the thunders of Jove and the arrows of Apollo.

[51] Alluding to the hasty departure of the British from Boston, when Howe perceived that he could no longer keep it. Although Washington had tacitly consented, on the application of Howe, to allow him to depart unmolested, yet great terror pervaded the ranks of the enemy, and the households of the Tories. They all went on board the ships on Sunday morning, March 17th; and on the same day the deserted city was taken possession of by General Putnam in the name of the *Thirteen United Colonies.*

[52] This is an allusion to the cities of refuge among the Jews, in which, if a murderer or other criminal could reach before arrest, he was safe from punishment. The city of refuge here alluded to was Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to which the British army fled.

[53] This was the victorious army of Burgoyne, which, after capturing Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, gained a victory at Hubbardton, and destroyed the American stores at Skenesborough, now Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain. Then, flushed with these successes, Burgoyne marched slowly, but unimpeded by American arms through the wilderness toward the Hudson River. The people of that region fled in terror, for they dreaded the savages who accompanied the invaders.

[54] The manner of "hiving" bees, to which this is an allusion, is mentioned in Note 8, Canto I.

[55] The rape of Lucretia, by Sextus Tarquinius,

is given in the old legends as the proximate cause of the downfall of kingly power in Rome. The tragic result of the outrage caused Brutus to swear, by the pure blood which incarnadined a dagger with which Lucretia had stabbed herself, that he would pursue to the uttermost Tarquinius and all his race, and thenceforward suffer no man to be king at Rome. The aroused people gathered together, and passed a decree to the same effect, and Tarquin the Superb was banished. Such is the legend, which sober historians doubt.

[56] See Note 20, Canto III.

[57] This has reference to the death of General Fraser, during the first battle on Bemis's Heights. Fraser was a gallant officer, and was mounted on a splendid iron-grăy horse. He was dressed in full uniform, and made a conspicuous mark. Colonel Daniel Morgan, commander of the celebrated rifle corps, perceived that the fate of the battle depended upon Fraser, and he ordered his riflemen to shoot him. As was afterward ascertained, a rifle-ball first cut the crupper of Fraser's horse, and soon another passed through his horse's mane. Fraser's aid noticed it and said, "It is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger;" and the next moment he fell, mortally wounded by a ball from the rifle of Timothy Mur-

phy, one of Morgan's men, who took sure aim from a small tree into which he had mounted.

[58] "Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air."—GRAY.

[59] Judges xv. 15.

[60] After Burgoyne had surrendered his army at Saratoga, and the terms of the capitulation were agreed upon and settled, the prisoners, English and Hessian, started under guard across the country to Cambridge. They commenced the march to the tune of Yankee Doodle, which they had so often heard in derision in the British camp. The pride of Burgoyne was dreadfully humbled by the whole affair. He had declared that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Albany, as a victor. He dined there sooner than Christmas, but as a prisoner, although a guest at the table of General Schuyler, whom he had greatly injured, by causing his house, mills, and other property at Saratoga, to be burned.

[61] This allusion to Burgoyne's foppery is a very happy one, as the young men of fashion who composed the *Macaroni Club* had very recently produced a great sensation in England. They were young men who had travelled in Italy, and had returned, bringing with them all the vices and follies which they had picked up there. They formed their club in London in 1772, and were particularly distinguished for their extravagance

in dress. They wore enormous knots of hair behind, an exceedingly small cocked hat, an enormous walking-stick with long tassels, and jacket, waistcoat, and breeches, cut very close. Soon every thing that was fashionable was *à la Macaroni*. Macaroni articles everywhere abounded, and Macaroni songs were set to Macaroni music. One song closed with this stanza:

"Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The ladies to delight, O,
Their senses give unto the wind,
To make themselves a fright, O.
The fashion who does e'er pursue,
I think a simple-toney;
For he's a fool, say what you will,
Who is a Macaroni."

The word *macaroni* took the place of *beau* and *fribble*, which had been given previously to men of fashion.

[62] See Note 66, Canto II. Bellona was the accomplished goddess of war.

[63] General Burgoyne was a natural son of Lord Bingley, and was not only a successful soldier, but a polished gentleman. He was a brigadier in Portugal in 1762. He was afterward a privy councillor, and when he came to America in 1775, and while a prisoner of war in 1777, he was a member of the British Parliament. His misfortunes here deprived him of the sunshine of the royal countenance; and in 1780, after publishing his vindica-

tion, he resigned all offices and their emoluments, and in 1781 joined the opposition in Parliament, in favor of the Americans. From that time until his death, in August, 1792, he was chiefly employed in literary pursuits, in which he delighted.

[64] When setting out for America, Burgoyne playfully remarked that he meant to dance the Whig ladies to obedience, and their husbands would soon follow In this, as in many other things, the British officers were disappointed. Howe and Clinton, and some of their subordinates, expected to "crush the rebellion" in a week almost; and they actually brought fishing-tackle with them, to have some fine sport after the smoke of gunpowder had cleared away.

[65] Burgoyne's proclamations, like those of Gage, were very pompous. He was fond of making them, for he always delighted in the use of his pen. While in Boston, during the siege, he wrote a farce called *Boston Blockaded*, in which the person designed to represent Washington enters with uncouth gait, wearing a large wig, a long, rusty sword, and attended by a country servant with a rusty gun. Other American officers were similarly burlesqued. While this farce was in course of performance in the temporary theatre in Boston, on the night of the 8th of January, 1776, a sergeant suddenly entered and exclaimed, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker's Hill!" The audience thought this was part of

the play, and laughed immoderately at the idea; but they were soon undeceived by the burly voice of Howe shouting, "Officers, to your alarm-posts!" The people were dispersed in great confusion. The fact was, that Majors Knowlton, Carey, and Henly, three gallant American officers, had crossed the mill-dam from Cobble Hill, and had set fire to some houses in Charlestown, at the foot of Bunker's Hill, occupied by some British soldiers. They burned eight houses, killed one man, and carried off five prisoners.

[66] Matthew Prior wrote his *Alma*, the best of his works, while in confinement in the Tower of London.

[67] Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his famous *History of the World*, while confined in the Tower on a charge of treason. The first volume appeared in 1614.

[68] John Wilkes, already mentioned in Note 88, Canto III, was a fearless political writer during the early years of the reign of George the Third, and for a long time he was editor of *The North Britain*. In the 45th number of that paper, published in 1763, he uttered sentiments considered libellous, and he was sent to the Tower. His arrest was proved to be illegal, and he was released. For several years, as editor, as alderman in London, and as a member of the House of Commons, he was considered a very dangerous enemy to the crown. Wilkes was a licentious, unprincipled

man; and because he wrote an indecent *Essay on Woman*, he was arraigned before the King's Bench, and, upon conviction, was expelled from Parliament. He afterward obtained a verdict against Wood, the under-secretary of state, with $5,000 damages, and soon went to Paris He returned to England, was elected to the House of Commons in 1768, but was deprived of his seat. He became Lord Mayor of London in 1774, when he took his seat in the House of Commons, and was the friend of the Americans. He was afterward Chamberlain of London. Wilkes flourished but in the midst of agitation. When out of the troubled sea of politics, he sunk into obscurity, and died in the Isle of Wight, in 1797, at the age of 70 years.

[69] General Prescott was twice made prisoner, during the Revolution. The first time he was captured at Montreal by Montgomery, near the close of 1775; and the second time he was seized in his rooms, while in command of the British on Rhode Island, in July, 1777, taken to the Head-Quarters of the American army, and afterward exchanged for General Charles Lee, who had been captured in New Jersey in December previous. Colonel William Barton, with a few men in whale-boats, crossed Narragansett Bay in the night, for the purpose of seizing Prescott, who was a petty tyrant of the meanest stamp. He was taken from his bedroom, conveyed across to Warwick, and from

thence to Providence, and afterward to Head-Quarters. A full account of the affair, with a portrait of Barton and a picture of the house from which Prescott was taken, may be found in Lossing's *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.*

[70] Here again is an allusion to Burgoyne's farce of *The Siege of Boston.* The *Maid of the Oaks* was another farce from his pen, which was much thought of, and was often performed in the English theatres. He also wrote a comedy entitled *The Heiress*, which had great reputation. Some critics have pronounced it one of the best productions of the modern British drama.

[71] This refers to the cruelties toward prisoners, charged to Joshua Loring, the commissary. If the stories related of his inhumanity to those who fell into his hands were true, he was even worse than the detested Cunningham, the keeper of the Provost prison in New York. The Vampyre was a creation of superstition, a belief in which prevailed extensively among many nations in Europe. It was pretended to be a dead body, which arose from the grave at night, and sucked the blood of the living.

[72] "a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark,
A Lazar-house it seemed ——— Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,
And over them triumphant Death his dart
SLook, but delayed to strike."

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book XI.

[73] *Murder* was thus spelled in former times.

[74] Sir Guy Carleton was a very humane man After the unfortunate attack of the Americans on Quebec, at the close of 1775, he treated the "rebel" prisoners with great humanity, and finally paroled them.

[75] It has been asserted, and not denied, that after the battle near Brooklyn, on Long Island, Howe and Clinton both allowed their troops, and especially the Hessians, to tie up American prisoners and use them for marks to fire at. The excuse was that such treatment would keep the people from joining the rebel army, and thus the rebellion would be sooner ended!"

[76] Among other measures to distress the people, great pains were taken by the British in New York, to communicate the small-pox throughout the country, and especially to the American army. At that time Jenner had just announced, in England, his great discovery of *vaccination*, but it was not practised in America until about the close of the Revolution. *Inoculation* was resorted to; and while the army lay in the Highlands in 1781 the soldiers were inoculated by companies.

[77] After the battles on Long Island and Fort Washington, where a great many Americans were made prisoners, the places of confinement on shipboard and in New York were crowded with the captives. Impure air and food soon caused a terrible mortality among them. They died by

scores, and the disease known as the prison-fever, similar to that of the ship-fever of our day, became apparently contagious. The British endeavored to infect the American camp with the disease. A multitude of Americans perished on board the old *Jersey* and other prison-ships in the harbor of New York, and in the old sugar-houses in the city, which, being strong and large, were converted into jails.

[78] Judges, Chapter iv.

[79] *Punic* was the ancient language of the Carthaginians; and the contests in which the Romans and that people were involved, during more than three centuries, were called Punic Wars. The Carthaginians were so notoriously treacherous, and unfaithful, that the Romans made the expression *Punica Fides*—Punic Faith—synonymous with unfaithfulness to promises.

[80] Ammon or Hammon was the name given to Jupiter, as worshipped in Libya, in Africa. He is represented with the head and horns of a ram, because a legend asserts that when the army under Bacchus was in Africa, and about to perish for want of water, a ram appeared and guided them to an oasis where it was found in abundance. Bacchus erected a temple to Jupiter on the spot, and gave the impersonation of the deity the form above mentioned. The poet thought Loring a fit priest, because (again alluding to the unfaithfulness of the commissary's wife) the Libyan Ammon wore horns.

[81] *Bel* or *Baal* was an ancient Chaldean idol, mentioned by both Isaiah and Jeremiah. Baal is also mentioned in the Book of Numbers, Judges, and Kings. It is said to have devoured enormous quantities of food daily, which the people supplied, and which, of course, the priests and their friends consumed.

[82] Moloch was the chief idol of the Ammonites, in Canaan, and is mentioned in the eleventh chapter of 1 Kings. The idol was made of brass, seated on a throne of the same metal, with the head of a calf, and a crown on it. Parents often sacrificed their children to this divinity. It was heated by fire beneath, and when the children were put into its hot brazen arms, they rolled into the idol and were consumed. Bullocks and other animals were also offered to Moloch in sacrifice.

[83] See Rabelais's history of the Giant *Gargantua*.

[84] Jonah, Chapter i.

[85] Genesis, Chapter xli.

[86] This sentence refers to the alleged cruelties of Lord Clive (who was governor first of Fort St. David, and then of Bengal in the East Indies) toward the native inhabitants, whom, as military commander, he conquered. By his exploits he gained the title of Omrah of the Mogul Empire, an Irish peerage and immense wealth. He retired to England in 1767, and in November, 1773, he committed suicide by cutting his throat. The

"Black Hole" referred to, was a dungeon in Calcutta, where, on the 20th of June, 1756, the Nabob or chief man confined one hundred and forty-six British gentlemen—merchants and others in the service of the East India Company, in a room only eighteen feet square. The heat, crushing, and stench of the dungeon, caused the death of one hundred and twenty-three of the prisoners before morning. It was the Provost prison (now Hall of Records) in New York, and especially the sugar house in Liberty street, and the Jersey prison ship, which the poet here alludes to in the comparison.

[87] The various districts of the East Indies were governed by wealthy subordinate rulers called Nabobs. It has become a term significant of a very wealthy man.

[83] In the latter part of his life Lord Clive conceived himself haunted by the ghosts of those persons in the East, who were the victims of his inhumanity. Notwithstanding the alleged cruelties of Clive were not doubted by the British nation, the then corrupt Parliament, before whom he was accused, awarded him a vote of thanks for his services in the East Indies. But

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

[89] These three commanders were famous during portions of the war, for their marauding services.

[90] Judges, Chapter xv.

[91] We have already referred to the ravages of Tryon and others on the New England coasts, and to the operations of Lord Dunmore in Virginia. In South Carolina, likewise, many negroes were taken from the plantations, by marauding parties, and those who did not perish were sent to the West Indies and sold. And every where, especially during the earlier years of the war, before the opportunities which the Americans obtained for retaliation had taught the British and Hessian troops circumspection, they committed the most outrageous crimes.

[92] The King and Parliament were both long deceived by the reports of expected aids from the Tories sent over by the military commanders here. Indeed, it was believed by the ministry, even as late as the time of the capture of Burgoyne, that the whig party was a very small one, and that the great body of the people of the colonies were loyal, when fear of the violent patriots would allow them to be so. The fact was the reverse of this.

[93] In February, 1778, Lord North proposed in parliament, a conciliatory plan, which, he thought, would end all difficulties with the colonies. He proposed to repeal all obnoxious acts of parliament, if the Americans would rescind their Declaration of Independence, and return to the loyalty of loving colonists. The proposition was in the form of two bills. These bills arrived in America about the middle of April. They were looked

upon with suspicion, and were called "deceptionary bills." Congress refused to accede to the terms offered in these bills, because the independence of the colonies was not guarantied. Commissioners to negotiate with Congress, in accordance with North's proposition, arrived in June. They were the Earl of Carlisle, George Johnstone, formerly governor of West Florida, and William Eden, a brother of the then late governor of Maryland. They were accompanied by the eminent Adam Ferguson, as secretary. The proceedings of Congress, before the arrival of the Commissioners, had barred the door effectually to all negotiations, and they found their "occupation gone."

[94] ——— "medicatam frugibus offam." See an account of the descent of Æneas into hell, in Virgil's Æneid, Book vi.

[95] When the commissioners found they could do nothing officially, Johnstone determined to try the power of money and place, by offering such bribes to public men. Because of his notoriously corrupt conduct, the Congress declared that no intercourse should be had with him. Yet he persisted, flattering some and boldly approaching others with promises of royal favor.

[96] The "petticoated politician" here alluded to, was an American lady, daughter of Dr. Thomas Graeme of Pennsylvania, and then the wife of Hugh Ferguson, a relation of the secretary of the

commissioner. Her husband being in the British service, she was much in the company of Loyalists. Being a woman of superior attainments, and acquainted with many leading men in Congress, Johnstone succeeded in making her an unconscious instrument of his corrupt efforts. He first spoke to her warmly in favor of American interests, and she believed him to be a true friend of her country. He expressed a strong desire to stop the effusion of blood, and intimated that, if a proper representation could be made to leading men in Congress, a reconciliation might yet be effected. Her womanly sympathies were aroused, and Johnstone, who was not permitted to go within the American lines, desired Mrs. Ferguson to say to General Joseph Reed that, provided he could, conformably to his conscience and views of things, exert his influence to settle the dispute, he might command ten thousand guineas and the best post in government. Mrs. Ferguson suggested that such a proposition would be considered as a bribe by General Reed. Johnstone disclaimed the idea; and, convinced of his sincerity and good will, she sought an interview with General Reed, three days after the British evacuated Philadelphia, and laid the proposition before him. Reed afterward declared, that he at once exclaimed, "My influence is but small, but were it as great as Governor Johnstone would insinuate, the King of Great Britain has nothing within his gift that would tempt me."

This attempt at bribery was soon made known to the public. The alleged reply of General Reed went from lip to lip; the commissioners were every where denounced, and poor Mrs. Ferguson, the innocent dupe of a corrupt hireling, was accused of being a British emissary. She outlived all suspicions, however.

[97] Benedict Arnold's services against his government were actually purchased for ten thousand guineas and the commission of a brigadier in the British army. This was the stipulated consideration for the betrayal of the strong fortress at West Point and its dependencies, into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, in September, 1780. He failed in his wicked purpose, escaped to the enemy, received his reward, and performed eminent marauding services for his royal master, during the remainder of the war. Arnold had been a brave, skilful, and exceedingly useful officer before his fall.

[98] It was very fortunate for the Americans, that inefficient men like the brothers Howe commanded the British land and naval forces at the commencement of the Revolution. General Howe, in particular, always moved slowly, and when he had gained a victory, he almost always lost the advantages of it by supineness. Such was the case after his victory near Brooklyn. The really captive army of Washington within the American lines, escaped to New York, while Howe was sleeping;

and yet, for his *victory* on that occasion, he was knighted and became Sir William Howe. He remained in Philadelphia after he had captured it in the autumn of 1777, for many months, with a well-provisioned and well-furnished army, while the half-starved, half-clad, and feeble force of the Americans were shivering and famishing at Valley Forge, only twenty miles distant. Yet he made no attempt at what might have been an easy capture of the whole. His idle army in the city became greatly weakened by inactivity and dissipation. Dr. Franklin justly observed, "Howe has not taken Philadelphia; Philadelphia has taken Howe." The acute Colonel Hamilton, young as he was, said to General Washington, when that officer was regretting his failure in capturing Howe,—"For my part I am glad of it, for Great Britain might have sent a more active man in his place."

[99] The Continental Congress held its session at York, Pennsylvania, while the British held possession of Philadelphia during the winter and spring of 1778. In May, after being honored by a remarkable *fête* called *Mischianza*, in the preparation of which the unfortunate Major André was the principal actor, General Howe resigned the command of the army to Sir Henry Clinton and returned to England. He was severely censured by Burgoyne and other military men, and some spicy correspondence, statements, &c., ensued.

Howe was a good-natured, full-fed, heavy, indolent man—"the most indolent of mortals," according to General Charles Lee, who averred that he "never took pains to examine the merits or demerits of the cause in which he was engaged." Howe published a narrative of his campaigns in America, the style of which partakes largely of the sluggishness of his character. He died in 1814.

[100] This was Sir Henry Clinton. He was grandson of Francis, sixth Earl of Lincoln, and was Knight of the Bath. He came to America just before the Battle of Bunker Hill, and remained until near the close of the war. Clinton was quite an active officer, yet not a very skilful one. Soon after his return home, he published a narrative of his campaigns in 1781–83, which Lord Cornwallis, another of the British commanders here, thought it necessary to answer. To this Clinton made a reply. Clinton was Governor of Gibraltar in 1795, and the same year he was elected a member of parliament. He died the following year.

[101] Soon after taking command of the British army in America, Sir Henry Clinton was informed that a powerful French fleet, under the Count D'Estaing, was on its way, and would probably block up and perhaps capture the British vessels in the Delaware under the command of Earl Howe, and thus secure New York. He immediately resolved to evacuate Philadelphia and the

Delaware, and hasten with army and fleet to New York. With eleven thousand men and an immense baggage and provision train he started for New York, by way of New Brunswick. Washington, at Valley Forge, was on the alert, and commenced a pursuit of Clinton with a more than equal force. By the adroit movement of detachments, he compelled Clinton to change his course in the direction of Sandy Hook.

[102] Clinton was sore pressed by his pursuers, and the New Jersey militia greatly annoyed him on the flanks. Finally he was obliged to halt at Monmouth Court-House, (now Freehold, New Jersey,) change front, and engage in a general battle with the Americans. The engagement commenced quite early on Sunday morning, the 28th day of June, 1778. It was one of the hottest days ever experienced in that latitude. All day the conflict raged, and night only put an end to it. Both parties slept on their arms, the Americans, under Washington, intending to renew the battle in the morning. Clinton chose rather to avoid that necessity, and at midnight he silently resumed his march, undiscovered by the wearied and sleeping Americans.

[103] In his official dispatch to Lord George Germain, Clinton wrote: "Having reposed the troops until ten at night, to avoid the excessive heat of the day, I took advantage of the moonlight to rejoin General Knyphausen, [the commander of the

Hessians,] who had advanced to Nut Swamp, near Middletown." This dispatch caused a great deal of merriment in America, for it was known that the event took place at about the time of new moon. *Poor Will's Almanac*, printed by Joseph Cruikshank, in Philadelphia, indicates the occurrence of new moon, on the 24th of June, and being four days old on the night of the battle, it set at fifty-five minutes past ten. Clinton had waited for its setting in order to

"Steal off on tiptoe in the dark."

[104] In his retreat, Clinton placed Knyphausen and his Germans in the rear. In fact during the whole time of service of the German troops in America, they were always used as shields to the British, and were made to perform those services in which honorable soldiers would not willingly consent to be engaged.

[105] The poet's allusion here, to the remarkable event recorded in the tenth chapter of the Book of Joshua, is very pertinent, and is elucidated by note 103.

[106] This refers to the treaty of friendship and alliance, formed between the struggling colonies and France, on the 6th of February, 1778. The Bourbon king of France had been secretly aiding the revolted colonies, by supplies of arms, ammunition, and money, ever since 1776, but unwilling to have an untimely rupture with Great Britain,

all the transactions were so conducted as to have a commercial aspect in private hands. But when the success of the Americans appeared certain after they had, unaided, captured the powerful army of Burgoyne, the French king saw that he might then inflict a severe blow upon his old enemy, England, by acknowledging the independence of the colonies, and by forming an alliance with them. That measure was soon accomplished, and the intelligence that, on account of that alliance, France had sent a powerful fleet to America, caused, as we have seen (note 101), the evacuation of Philadelphia and the Delaware by the British land and naval forces.

[107] Pursuant to the terms of the treaty of alliance with France, the Count D'Estaing sailed from Toulon with a powerful fleet in April, 1778, and arrived off the Capes of the Delaware in July following. The British fleet had escaped to the safe anchorage within Sandy Hook, where the heavy French vessels could not reach them. After blockading Howe's fleet there for a short time, D'Estaing sailed eastward, to aid the Americans in rescuing Rhode Island from the British. Off Newport, in August, D'Estaing and a fleet under Howe, which had followed him from New York, attempted to fight, but a terrible gale dispersed both fleets, and damaged them badly.

[108] In 1779, D'Estaing was sent to the West Indies with a powerful fleet, captured St. Vincent

and Grenada from the English, defeated Admiral Biron in a naval engagement, and made prizes of a British ship-of-the-line, and several frigates, on the southern coast of the United States. He also assisted in the siege of Savannah, in the autumn of that year; but, pretending to fear the effect of the autumn storms upon his fleet, he abandoned the siege when victory was almost in the grasp of the allies, and went to sea.

[109] Charles Henry, Count D'Estaing, was a native of Auvergne, France. He was a famous soldier in the French service in the East Indies in 1756, was made prisoner by the English, broke his parole and escaped. He commanded an expedition against Grenada. He became a member of the Assembly of Notables in the French Revolution, and, being suspected of unfriendliness toward the Terrorists, he was guillotined in April, 1793.

[110] Francis Joseph Paul, Count De Grasse, was a native of France, and born in 1723. He was an active naval officer in the West Indies, before coming upon the American coast, and afterward performed signal service in assisting in the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown in October, 1781. He formed an alliance with an unworthy woman after his return to France, whose conduct embittered his life. He died early in 1788, at the age of sixty-five years.

[111] The life and services of the Marquis De La

Fayette, are too well known to every American reader, to need any special notice here.

[112] General Lincoln was second in command of the army under Gates, at the capture of Burgoyne. He was appointed to succeed General Robert Howe in command of the southern army, in 1779; and in the spring of 1780, having been ordered by Congress to defend Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, at all hazards, he collected what force he could there, and sustained a siege, conducted by Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, and Admiral Arbuthnot, for several weeks. He was at length compelled to yield, and on the 12th of May surrendered his army and the city to the victorious enemy.

[113] After the capture of Charleston, the British officers displayed an activity hitherto unknown to them, and Clinton left Cornwallis to take energetic measures for a complete subjugation of the whole South. Cornwallis himself marched up the Santee toward Camden; another detachment under Colonel Cruger took possession of Fort Ninety-six in the south-western part of South Carolina, and another, under Lieutenant-colonel Brown, who, like Cruger, was an American Loyalist, took possession of Augusta, in Georgia. For a while, these two States were completely crushed beneath the heel of British power.

[114] This refers to the partisan corps under Sumter, Morgan, Marion, Pickens, Clark, Buford,

and other bold leaders, but especially to the vanquished army of Gates mentioned in the next note.

[115] General Gates was sent to the South after the fall of Charleston, to rally the patriots and reclaim Georgia and South Carolina. He went with proud confidence of success, and in a night and early morning engagement with Cornwallis, near Camden, he was signally defeated, his whole army was dispersed, and he was compelled to become a flying fugitive with only a handful of attendants. General Charles Lee, (then in disgrace because of bad conduct at Monmouth,) who knew Gates well, said to him, on his departure, "Take care that you do not exchange your Northern laurels for Southern willows." To this the poet alludes.

[116] After the defeat of Gates, Cornwallis pressed forward into North Carolina, took post at Hillsborough, and really held military sway, even to the borders of Virginia, which, also, he included in his programme of conquest.

[117] This is in allusion to Arnold's marauding expeditions in Virginia. He sent off several cargoes of negroes and tobacco (the fruits of his plunder) to the West Indies, and sold them for his own profit.

[118] Admiral Lord Rodney, having been unsuccessful in attempting to recapture St. Vincent from the French, in 1781, sailed for the Dutch

island of St. Eustatius, where there was an immense amount of goods, belonging to people of several nations, neutrals as well as belligerents, because it was a free island. The Governor had not heard of the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and Holland, and being unprepared, made no defence. The value of the capture was immense. Two hundred and fifty vessels, some with rich cargoes, were taken, and goods valued at three millions of pounds sterling were seized. This capture of property belonging to subjects of neutral nations, and the general seizure and sale of private as well as public property for the benefit of the captors, was truly an insult to the laws of nations.

[119] In allusion to Tryon's marauding expeditions already referred to.

[120] After the defeat of Gates near Camden, in August, 1780, General Nathaniel Greene was appointed to the command of the Southern army. He soon gathered a considerable force, took post at Cheraw on the east, and on the Broad River on the west, and prepared to reclaim the Carolinas. He was, however, compelled to flee before Cornwallis to Virginia, early in 1781. Greene remained in Virginia only long enough to refresh his troops and receive recruits, when he again entered North Carolina. The decisive battle at Guilford Court-House, in which Cornwallis was victor, so far as maintaining the field was con-

cerned, occurred in March. "Another such victory," said Charles Fox in the House of Commons, "will ruin the British army." It was disastrous to Cornwallis, and he hastened with the remains of his army to Wilmington, near the seaboard, and then pushed forward into Virginia, where Benedict Arnold, the traitor, was marauding.

[121] During the spring and summer of 1781, Greene swept every vestige of British power from the interior of the Carolinas, and drove the enemy toward the coast. Outposts, forts, encampments, dêpots, all were captured or broken up, and the lost South was almost completely regained. When, in October, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, the British in South Carolina were confined to Charleston, and those in Georgia were hemmed within the narrow limits of Savannah and its immediate vicinity.

[122] After in vain attempting to overrun and subdue Virginia, Cornwallis, close pressed by La Fayette, Wayne and Steuben, slowly retired seaward; and, pursuant to orders from General Clinton, to be prepared to come to his aid at New York, if necessary, he crossed the James River and took post at Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk. Disliking that situation, he entered the Chesapeake Bay, and going up York River, commenced fortifying the village of York, and Gloucester Point, opposite. There he constructed heavy fortifications, and seemed to defy the power of the Americans.

[123] When General Clinton heard of the march of the allied armies southward, he sent Admiral Graves to assist Cornwallis. But the Count De Grasse, who had just arrived with his fleet from the West Indies, was already in Lynn Haven Bay, within the capes, and Graves could not enter York River. After the two fleets had a slight combat just outside the mouth of the Chesapeake, Graves withdrew.

[124] Count Rochambeau, the commander-in-chief of the French army in America, joined Washington on the Hudson, a few miles above New York, in the summer of 1781. After deceiving Clinton into the belief that they intended to attack him in New York, the allied armies made rapid marches southward, at the suggestion of La Fayette, who was watching Cornwallis there. They arrived at Williamsburgh, a few miles from Yorktown, twelve thousand strong, on the 28th of September, and made immediate preparations to attack the invader.

[125] After the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, in 1777, to *Burgoyne an army*, was a favorite expression in America, when alluding to a total and complete capture.

[126] According to Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, Cadmus, the founder of Grecian Thebes, wishing to sacrifice to the gods a cow which he had followed to the spot, by command of the Delphic Oracle, he sent to a fountain for water. It was

guarded by a serpent, which he afterwards killed. By direction of Minerva, he sowed its teeth, and instantly a crop of armed men started up from the ground, five of whom assisted him in building Thebes.

[127] Finding his fortifications to be gradually crumbling under the terrible blows of the allied besiegers, Cornwallis sought shelter for himself and army, by flight. He determined to cross the York river, break through the French troops on the other side, and make forced marches toward New York. Just as a part of his troops were embarked a sudden tempest arose, and they were driven back. Cornwallis was foiled, and saw no alternative but surrender or destruction.

[128] Yorktown stands upon a high bluff of rock marl, making the shore of the York river, very precipitous. At the foot of this bank Cornwallis had an excavation made, in which, secure from the rage of battle above, he held councils with his officers. That excavation has now disappeared, but another made since, was shown to visitors, at a shilling a-piece, as the identical one, when the writer visited Yorktown a few years ago.

[129] Driven to extremities, and despairing of aid from General Clinton, Cornwallis offered to negotiate for a surrender of his whole army. It was done, and in the presence of a vast concourse of people assembled from the country, and before the allied armies, the sword of Cornwallis was

delivered by General O'Hara to General Lincoln, and the whole army laid down their arms, on the 19th of October, 1781. The shipping in the river—every thing—became spoils of victory. The whole number of persons surrendered, was a little more than seven thousand.

[130] The Virginia Loyalists, and those who had accompanied Cornwallis from North Carolina.

[131] Edicts issued by the popes were called Bulls, from the seal (*bulla*) attached to them. These seals were made of metals and wax. The celebrated "golden *bull*" of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, was so called because the seal was made of gold.

[132] The British commanders, and especially Cornwallis, had proclaimed full protection to the Loyalists, on all occasions. There were about fifteen hundred Tories with Cornwallis at Yorktown. All the favor he asked for them, on his surrender, was that a vessel might be provided to carry away the most obnoxious, who were afraid to meet the resentment of the Whigs.

[133] Genesis, Chapter iv.

[134] "From his horrid hair,
Shakes pestilence and war."

Milton.

[135] We have before alluded to the often repeated assurances in British proclamations, that

the "door of mercy is now open," and "the door of mercy will be shut." The poet seemed to fear that the hinge of that door so constantly swinging, might be quite worn out.

[136] The genius of America was generally represented as a native female, in the scant costume of the aborigines, and head dressed with the long plumage of the eagle and other birds. Such a figure may be seen on the colonial pendant seals. "Tories dressed in plumes," is an allusion to their being tarred and feathered.

[137] Referring to the American flag.

[138] In allusion to Lord Mansfield's favorite disposition of culprits, by transporting them into exile in some colony of Great Britain.

[139] King George the Third, and Lord North, his prime minister.

[140] In law, a writ to restrain a person from going out of the kingdom, without the king's permission.

[141] The description of Continental paper money, which here follows, is one of the finest examples of the sublime burlesque to be found in our language, especially when all its allusions are made plain by the light of history.

[142] The crutches called "Regulation" and "Tender," by which the specter was supported, were the acts of the State legislatures, in their attempts to prevent the depreciation of the Continental money, and to maintain its credit. Some of those acts

were for the *regulation* of the prices of commodities, and the others were to make that paper a lawful *tender*, in payment for goods, or debts.

[143] On all the emissions of Continental Bills, there was printed the pledge of Congress for their punctual redemption, in the words, "The Faith of the United States."

[144] See Note 62, Canto IV.

[145] On the 22d of June, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved to issue bills of credit, or paper money, to pay the current expenses of the war. This was called *Continental money.* These bills were issued soon afterward, and new emissions were authorized from time to time, until the aggregate sum put forth represented two hundred millions of dollars. Within a little more than two years after their emission, they began to depreciate in value, because the pledge, printed upon each bill, that Congress would pay gold and silver for them, could not be redeemed. In 1780, forty paper dollars were worth only one in specie; and so rapid was the depreciation, that at the close of 1781, they were worthless. They had performed a temporary public good, but produced much inconvenience, and even suffering, to individuals. To the worthlessness of this currency the poet alludes in speaking of the "Ghost of Continental money."

[146] Brazil in South America, is one of the chief sources from whence diamonds have been pro-

cured in modern times. The allusion to Peruvian wealth, refers to the rich gold and silver mines—the richest then known in the world—discovered by the Spanish conquerors of Peru, as well as the immense amount of precious metals found in the temples, and in the palaces of the Incas or rulers of that country.

[147] Danæ was the daughter of a king of Argos, who on consulting an oracle, was told that she would bear a son who would deprive the king of his life. To prevent this, the king shut her up in a brazen tower, with her nurse. Jupiter had seen and loved the maiden; and under the form of a golden shower, he poured through the roof, into her bosom. She became the mother of Perseus, by Jupiter, and the young man killed his grandfather, by accident.

[148] One of the most ruinous speculations of modern times, was the conception of John Law of Edinburgh, who, by remarkable shrewdness in financial schemes, became comptroller-general of the treasury of France. He proposed three schemes—a bank, an East India Company, and a Mississippi Land and Trading Company. The French ministry became enamored with his plans in 1710, and in 1716 Law opened a bank in his own name, under the Regent of France. Most of the people of property, and of all ranks, purchased shares in his bank and his companies, with the expectation of immense profits. His was de

clared a royal bank in 1718. The shares rapidly appreciated in value—upwards of twenty-fold that of the original—and in 1719, they were worth eighty times the amount of all the current specie in France. That great fabric of false credit fell to the ground the following year, and almost prostrated the French government in its fall. Tens of thousands of families were utterly ruined.

[149] It is a singular fact that a scheme of speculation similar to that of Law's in France, had birth in England the same year (1710), and exploded the same year (1720). A company was incorporated in 1716, under the name of the *South Sea Company*. The affair promised immense gains to the stockholders, and the shares, originally £100, raised to the enormous price of £1000! As in France, almost every person of wealth in Great Britain, became stockjobbers and speculators in the fatal scheme. The airy fabric fell in 1720, and ruined thousands of families. The estates of the directors, valued at £2,014,000, were seized in 1721. Mr. Knight, the cashier, absconded with £100,000, but compounded for £10,000, and returned. The success of Law's scheme in France, was the origin of the similar scheme in England. The papers and pamphlets of the time, contained many squibs during the prevalence of the mania, and after the bubble burst, caricatures in abundance appeared, in ridicule of the whole thing. "Bubble-Cards" were used

by players, all bearing some appropriate verse, give one as a fair specimen:

"A lady pawns her jewels by her maid,
And in declining stock presumes to trade,
Till in South Sea at length she drowns her coin,
And now in Bristol stones glad is to shine."

[150] The infancy of modern chemistry, assumed the charlatan form of Alchemy, or the pretence of transmuting baser metals into gold. It was pretended that a certain powder, known to chemists, would convert base metals into gold; and many men have wasted their lives in attempts to discover this philosopher's stone, as that powder was called. At about 1782, Dr. Price, of Guilford, England, professed to have made the discovery, and carried specimens of his gold to the king, affirming that it was made by means of a red and white powder. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was required, on pain of expulsion, to repeat his experiments before a committee of that body. After some equivocation, he committed suicide by the use of poison, in 1783. The Philosopher's stone may be ranked with Perpetual motion, the Inextinguishable lamp, the Quadrature of the circle, and other impossibilities, which have puzzled and deranged the brains of otherwise sensible men.

[151] The name of Midas appears among the earliest mythological legends of the Greeks, as king

of a district in Thrace. One legend (to which our poet here refers), represents Midas as having on one occasion excited the gratitude of Bacchus, who desired him to ask any favor he pleased. Midas requested that whatever he touched might be turned to gold. It was granted. The myth doubtless illustrates the historical fact of an ancient Phrygian prince, who became very wealthy by mines and by commercial operations.

[152] The Continental money, as here indicated, performed a vast amount of public good, during the first years of the war, notwithstanding its depreciation, as we have said, fell heavily upon the great mass of the people. It carried on the financial operations of the war; and weak and faithless as it afterwards proved, it was the very sinews of strength in providing means for opposing the superior power of Great Britain, in the conflict.

[153] In order to facilitate the depreciation of Continental paper money, and thus weaken this arm of patriotic resistance, vast quantities of counterfeit Continental bills were printed, and sent into the country from New York and Long Island. In Gaine's *New York Mercury*, April 14th, 1777, appeared the following significant advertisement: "Persons going into other colonies may be supplied with any number of counterfeited Congress notes, for the price of the paper per ream. They are so neatly and exactly executed, that there is no risk in getting them off, being almost

impossible to discover that they are not genuine. This has been proven by bills to a very large amount which have already been successfully circulated. Inquire of Q. E. D. at the coffee-house, from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. during the present month." These counterfeits were sent into the country by cart-loads. Such was one of the dishonorable modes of warfare, employed by the British commanders here. The younger Pitt, when prime minister of England, caused a large number of French assignats to be forged at Birmingham, to depreciate the currency of the French republic. Napoleon also caused forged notes of the Austrian Bank to be distributed throughout the Austrian Tyrol.

[154] Exodus, Chapter viii, verse 17.

[155] Portions of the shores of Great Britain are remarkable for cliffs of chalk, which may be seen at a great distance. For this reason, Cæsar gave it the name of *Albion*.

[156] The common penalty for felony in England, was transportation to the colonies, and many left their country for their country's good. The idea of transporting the whole Island, was a grand amplification in the mind of the poet.

[157] The superficial area of Lake Erie is greater than that of England; while Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water in the world, is twenty-two hundred miles in circumference. England might be placed in its centre, and its people

could hardly spy the main from its shores. This couplet, however, drew down upon the head of the author very severe rebuke from the British press in after years. The poem was first published complete in America in 1782. Some years afterward it was reprinted in London. In the meanwhile Lord North, who was always near-sighted, had lost his sight entirely, and the critics unfairly imagined that these two lines were intended as a cruel insult. In a subsequent edition, the name of the king was inserted in place of that of North. A few years afterward, the king also was afflicted with blindness. So, to later readers, the unfortunate poet still appeared cruel.

[153] This refers to the confederacy of the Northern European powers against England, commenced in 1780 by the Empress Catharine, of Russia. The ostensible object was to protect the rights of neutrals in time of war—the real object was to cripple the maritime power of England. Catharine issued her proclamation in February. In the course of the summer, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, became parties to the policy declared by the Czarina, namely, that no port should be considered blockaded, unless there was sufficient force present to maintain a blockade. In November the States-General of Holland joined the confederacy. France and Spain also acquiesced in the new maritime code, and a general Continental war against England appeared inevitable. This was

called the Armed Neutrality. The scheme failed, however, because of a want of confidence in the faithfulness of the Empress.

[159] This was not uttered in a spirit of prophecy, yet how prophetic were the words, let current history testify. Freneau, another poet of the Revolution, seemed equally prophetic in his *Rising Glory of America*, written in 1775. He says:

——"I see, I see
Freedom's established reign; cities and men,
Numerous as sands upon the ocean's shore,
And empires rising where the sun descends!
The Ohio soon shall glide by many a town
Of note; and where the Mississippi stream,
By forests shaded, now runs weeping on,
Nations shall grow, and states not less in fame
Than Greece and Rome of old!"

[160] We can never sufficiently lament this sudden termination of the VISION, for it might have extended far down the ages beyond our present experience, and revealed future realities which have not yet become elements of our dreams.

[161] "either tropic now,
'Gan thunder."

Milton's *Paradise Regained.*

[162] The poet here uses a common phrase with the British officers during the war. Every officer who luckily escaped capture or destruction, described his retreat as having "been under the very nose of the enemy."

[163] In allusion to the fact that all obnoxious

New England Tories, when the places of their abode became too hot for them, hastened to Boston, and placed themselves under the protection of the British. M'Fingal, for his loyalty, and for his courage when out of the presence of danger, was as highly deserving of that protection, as his great needs, at that perilous moment, could claim.

[164] Genesis, Chapter xix.

[165] After the Americans had promulgated their Declaration of Independence, the ministerial speakers in parliament, and writers in favor of the government, amused themselves by calling it "The Phantom of Independence." The newspapers echoed the simile, and it was a favorite idea until it assumed a shape so substantial, in the progress of the war, as to make the word ridiculous.

[166] The hegira of M'Fingal, was a memorable epoch in the computation of the Loyalists. Epic poetry has scarcely a parallel in giving the grand catastrophe—the *denouement* of the story. We would gladly tell the reader more of the life of the hero—his sufferings in exile—his promotion in office—his safe denunciations of democracy "under the very nose" of monarchy—but the respectful silence of the poet puts an injunction of secrecy upon the pen of the Annotator.

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